

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 46.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole

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The Press declares this Pantomime to throw into the shade all that have yet been produced.

"Good music, brilliant ballet, glittering costumes, grotesque dances, and gorgeous scenic accessories."—*Times.*"A spectacle probably never before realised on any stage."—*Morning Post.*"There will be few pictures seen at once so brilliant and accurately artistic."—*Telegraph.*"Artist and manager were called, the applause being overwhelming."—*Daily News.*"The story is treated in a poetised manner, simply and tenderly."—*Standard.*"Every perfection we look for in a stage picture."—*Advertiser.*"Nothing could be more brilliant."—*Era.*

DAY PERFORMANCES—MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee and Manager.—LEGITIMATE ATTRACTION FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—The great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS, will be repeated every evening, in consequence of its increasing success. THE GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rignold, Harcourt, Volaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Erstone, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box Office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, IN-TRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS. Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Graham, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS. Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.—

THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mend; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. P. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pauncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

HAMLET.—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now

PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

Mr. FRANCIS FAIRLIE.—This, and Every Evening, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Company will make their first appearance at this Theatre in a Grand Pantomime: Bouffe (by H. B. Farnie, Esq.), entitled BLUE BEARD. Characters in the opening by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, George Beckett, &c.; Mesdames Rachel Sanger (specially engaged), Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Topsy Venn, Emily Duncan, Courtney Russell, D'Aquila, Kathleen Irwin, &c. Characters in the Harlequinade: Columbine Miss Lydia Thompson; Harlequin, Mr. George Beckett; Clown, Mr. Willie Edouin; Pantaloon, Mr. George Barrett; Policeman, Mr. Lionel Brough. New and elaborate Scenery by Messrs. Maltby and Hann. Costumes by Madame Wilson and Sam May, from designs by Alfred Thompson, Esq. Produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson. Incidental to the Bouffe will be Two Tableaux, arranged by John O'Connor, Esq. (and realised by living figures), the one after the celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," the other "Una" (after Frost's picture from Spenser's "Faerie Queen"). Full band and chorus of 60. "Blue Beard" will be preceded (at seven) by the Comedietta A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. Misses Rachel Sanger, Kathleen Irwin, Thérèse de Valery, G. R. Ireland, and George Barrett. Box plan now open. A Morning Performance of "Blue Beard" to-day, Saturday, at two.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.—

Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lillian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brenner, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

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ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Sole and

Responsible Manager, W. HOLLAND (the People's Caterer).—Every Evening, at 7.0, THE SECRET. To be followed by, at 7.45, the Grand Pantomime, by Frank W. Green, entitled THE FORTY THIEVES AND THE COURT BARBER; or, Harlequin and the Five Tiny Pigs, the Sad Little Prigs, and the Fairies of the Laburnum Lake, surpassing even the great Triumph of last year. The whole of the Gorgeous Scenery expressly painted by those eminent artists Messrs. Grieve and Son. The Mise-en-Scene, Grand Ballets, Processions, &c., invented and arranged by L. Espinosa. The Music selected and arranged by the Musical Director, Sidney Davis. The Wonderful Payne Family (W. H. Payne, Fred Payne, and Harry Payne), Miss Nelly Moon, Mlle. Annette Scasi, Miss Florence Aden, Misses Celine Wallace, Rose Mandeville, Lizzie Mordaunt, Katie Russell, and Kate Walsingham; Principal Dancers, the Sisters Elliott; W. B. Fair, H. Nicholls, Fred. Shepherd, W. Stacey, Brothers Elliott, the celebrated Turtle Jones, C. Allbrook, J. Reeves, and Forty Lovely Thieves. Clown, the Inimitable Harry Payne; Harlequin, George Vokes; Columbine, Jennie Ashton. Prices of Admission:—Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Reserved Dress Circle (Front), 3s.; Stalls (Easy Chairs), 5s.; Private Boxes, £1 1s., £2 2s., or £3 3s. Places can be booked any time in advance at the Theatre, or any of the City or West-end Libraries. Treasurer, Charles Holland. Secretary, Thomas B. Warne.

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SHEPHERD.—Reproduction of LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. An enormous success. THE GREAT DORSTS, Parisian Wonders, have created a perfect furore.—Monday and during the week, THE WATER-MAN. Tom Tug, with songs, Mr. E. Rosenthal. At 8.30, LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT. Mr. H. Nordblom, Messrs. Marier, Murray, Greville, Miss Munroe, Mlle. Manetti. Act 3, the Great Dorsts, as "Les Fantastiques Parisiens."

BRITANNIA, THE GREAT THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—At quarter before Seven, THE BLACK STATUE; or, THE ENCHANTED PILLS AND THE MAGIC APPLE TREE. Mrs. S. LANE and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT; Mlles. J. Summers, Polly Randall, L. Rayner, Fanny Lupino; Messrs. Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Holland, Hyde. The Great LUPINO TROUPE OF PANTOMIMISTS (10 in number), with JUVENILE HARLEQUINADE. To conclude with THE RED MAN'S RIFLE. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Newfound &c.; Miss M. Bellair.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending

JANUARY 16th, 1875.

MONDAY, Jan. 11, to FRIDAY, Jan. 15.—Christmas Festivities daily, comprising preliminary entertainment at 12.30. Arabian Athletes, Comic Ballet, Performing Dog, &c.; and at 3, Grand Pantomime, Cinderella, with magnificent scenery and transformation.

SATURDAY, Jan. 16.—Resumption of Winter Concerts: Miss Sophie Lowe, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Oscar Beringer.

MONDAY TO FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

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The Garden Party, a scene of enchantment, pronounced unanimously by the Press to be a most charming entertainment. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. The incidents can be comprehended and admired by persons of all ages. The Proprietor urges the necessity of booking seats in advance to prevent disappointment.

Miniature Impersonations of Marshal M'Mahon, the Emperor of Germany, Count Bismarck, Garibaldi, John Bull, Napoleon I., and the Shah will visit the Garden Party at Hengler's Grand Cirque, EVERY MORNING and EVENING.

Mlle. FELIX will introduce her matchless POODLES at EVERY MORNING and EVENING ENTERTAINMENT. Extraordinary Skating by Mlle. Rose, Messrs. French and Harris; also the marvellous Mlle. Tounour and Wooda Cook, the Great American Rider, Every Evening.

The exciting and wondrous Equestrian and Gymnastic Feats, together with the gorgeous Pantomime, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, EVERY DAY at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Private Boxes, containing six chairs, 30s. Box-office open, at the Cirque, from 10 till 4.

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ROYAL ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Every Evening.MASKELYNE & COOKE.—NINTH WEEK of the
NEW SEANCE. EVERY DAY at Three, EVERY NIGHT at eight, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission from 5s. to 1s. Box-office open from 10 till 5, and seats can be booked at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street, and all Agents.

MASKELYNE & COOKE.—NEW DRAWING-

ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL.—W. MORTON, Manager.—Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. The Times of November 12th, 1874, says:—"Many people, no doubt, believe in the medium, but more, we expect, in Maskelyne and Cooke. The former cheats us, telling us that it is all real and true, whereas, if we cannot believe, we wax angry. The latter cheats us, tricks us out of our senses, fools us to the top of our bent, telling us all the time that he is doing that and nothing else, and at this we are pleased, and, leaving, tell our friends to go and be pleased likewise. That they do go and are pleased we have abundant evidence in the length of time it has seemed good for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to stay in the same place, and this, too, we hold to be good proof that it must be as pleasant for these gentlemen to cheat us as it apparently is for us to be cheated. Everybody, sceptic or believer, should go at once to the Egyptian Hall."

MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr.

C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

O P E R A - B O U F F E . —

Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing Cross.

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The Engagements of George Leybourne, Clarence Holt, Henri Clark, Fred Foster, Harvey and Connelley, Fred Albert, E. A. Hart, Pearson (Sussex Dwarf), Algar's Monstre Troupe, The Banwards, Minnie Rogers, Elspa and Sillo, Rogers and Leslie, Coyne, Harman and Elston, Milburn, The Randalls, Kate Bella, Sisters Lindon, Fox and Laura Sedgwick, Clara Fay's Fairy Troupe, The Quakers, The Richardsons, The Italian Choir, Tom Lucette, Prof. Beaumont, Stella de Vere, Seward Brothers, Matthews Family, Bryant's Marionettes, Edgar Wilson, Laura Fay, Estelle Troupe, Sybil Ray, Bessie Bonehill, Lonie Rosalie, Misses Creswick and Vezin, Annie Wilkey, Elise Vibart, Little Lizzie Coots, Aphrini, Sidney Stevens, Dick Geldard, Harry Dales, Maude Beverley, Lizzie Barrett, Fred Roberts, Storelli, Albert West, Flora Plimsoil, Celia Dashwood, Mlle. Esther Austin's Great Troupe, Nelly Estelle and Milly Howes, Coupier, Quilter and Goldrick, The Guidas and Neviers Skaters, Harvey Trio, De Voy, Le Clerq, and Hearne, Sam Torr, Mons. Bonvini and Mlle. Lanzani, and fifty other favourites.

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55, WATERLOO ROAD.

Notice.—No Booking Fees.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—

OPEN DAILY (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d.—Among the most recent additions is a Didacus from the Samoan Islands, presented by Mr. J. W. Boddam-Whetham.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

MR. J. A. CAVE,

Whose portrait we present to our readers this week is a remarkable and representative member of the dramatic profession. Not only is he known as an actor and singer of note, but for years and years the patrons of various minor theatres have had cause to thank him for the excellent fare which his managerial and administrative ability has unintermittently provided for them. Joseph Arnold Cave first made his bow before an audience when quite a child, at a place of entertainment which has since become the Marylebone Theatre, and, displaying considerable aptitude for the boards, he from time to time undertook such parts as Tom Thumb, Bombastes, and the like. At the same time he was associated with the late Mr. Flexmore, and the two boys were noted for their representations of pantomime imps. The Marylebone Theatre passed into the hands of Mr. John Douglass, and that astute manager, guessing how useful young Cave was likely to be to him, made him a member of the company. Here he played second low comedy in an infinity of dramas, and also gave songs and dances between the pieces. About this period two American negro minstrels—Yankee Smith and Piccaninny Coleman—made a *favor* at the Surrey, and Mr. Douglass, thinking to do something in the same style, sent Master Cave over the water to see their entertainment. The result was that in a few days the boy appeared in company with a little boy he had taught to dance, and became such a success that he played "Jim-along-Josey" more than eight weeks at a stretch, receiving double and treble encores nightly. Mr. Nelson Lee, seeing him play one evening, engaged him for Richardson's Show, where he appeared as "Jack Sheppard." From here he went to the Britannia Theatre, then just opening, where he was again associated with his old friend Flexmore. Leaving the Britannia he became a member of the company at the Apollo Saloon, a large theatre standing near the Yorkshire Stingo. Here he sang his favourite song "Jim-along-Josey" upwards of two hundred and fifty successive nights, besides contributing in many other ways to the amusements provided for the glorious Apollo's. From the Apollo he went to the Bower Saloon, then under the management of Mr. Hodson, the composer, and played such parts as 'Charley,' in the opera of *The Highland Reel*, and 'Solomon Lob,' in *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*. Here he remained until an American company took the Lyceum Theatre and introduced to the London public, a novelty, in the person of one, Joseph Sweeny, who played beautifully upon an instrument never before seen in Europe, and sang negro melodies to his own accompaniment. This instrument was no other than the now famous banjo; and young Cave, having purchased a duplicate from a friend who had brought it from America, made himself master of its mysteries in a very short time. Armed with this, he returned to Mr. Douglass at the Marylebone, and was so successful that he determined to give up acting and try his fortune with the banjo and a series of Ethiopian songs. His next move was to the Garrick Theatre, under Mr. Conquest, at that time the most popular of East-end houses. Having played here, and also at the Standard and City of London, he received some very flattering offers, and commenced a provincial tour, appearing in most of the best theatres in the United Kingdom. Returning to London, his services were in such demand that he was engaged to sing at no less than four places of entertainment nightly; viz., the Grecian, the Standard, Dr. Johnson's Music Hall, and Evans's Concert Rooms. He also attended private concerts without number, as well as making several appearances at Hanover Square Rooms, Willis's Rooms, the Haymarket, Lyceum, and Sadler's Wells Theatres. An incident which occurred to him at Sadler's Wells is worth preserving. On a very warm evening, after his performance, he was cooling himself at the wing, when a little old gentleman accosted him, and after complimenting him upon his singing, remarked that he would be so tired if the audience had not demanded six songs instead of three. Mr. Cave took but little heed to the words of the stranger until the call-boy came forward with "Mr. Braham, your song is next." He then found he had been honoured with praise even from Sir Hubert Stanley, Braham being then the finest of English vocalists. Mr. Cave's fame is not merely insular. He has paid visits professionally to Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, everywhere appearing at the court or royal theatres before the reigning monarchs. For ten years he kept the Marylebone Theatre open all the year round. He then undertook the management of the Victoria, afterwards of the Greenwich, and now has returned to his old familiar ground in Puddington, where his first step was to revert to the original title of the theatre, which had been markedly unsuccessfully as the Royal Alfred. Here we hope to see him prospering for many a day. Professionally he is a good actor, a first-rate musician, an admirable singer of patter songs, a capital dancer, and a first-rate stage-manager. Personally he is a genial gentleman, who counts his friends by the hundred.

Mr. BYRON's drama, *A Lancashire Lass* is in preparation at the Princess's. Mr. Emery and Miss Lydia Foote will appear in it. Miss SELINA DOLARO, who has taken the Royal Theatre, commences her season at the end of the month.

Mr. HARE does not obtain possession of the Court Theatre until March.

Our Boys is the title of Mr. Byrons new comedy now in preparation at the Vaudeville.

The Prayer in the Storm at the Adelphi has at length been withdrawn, and will be replaced to-night by a revival of another popular drama, *A Dream at Sea*.

ERNST'S VIOLIN.—This magnificent instrument, a "Stradivarius" of the great period, and in perfect preservation, has just been purchased by Madame Norman-Neruda, from Mr. David Laurie, Glasgow, for the sum of £500.

A NEW COMEDIETTA by J. Maddison Morton, entitled *Maggie's Situation*, will be produced at the Court this evening. Miss Litton will make her reappearance in the leading character, 'Maggie Gray.'

MISS ADA CAVENDISH makes her reappearance in London to-night at the Charing Cross Theatre, when she will sustain her original character of 'Mercy Merrick,' in Wilkie Collins's drama of *The New Magdalen*. She will be supported by Kate Rivers as 'Grace Rosberry,' Mr. Markby as 'Julian Gray,' and Mr. Leonard Boyne as 'Horace Holmercroft.'

The Lady of Lyons, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Claude Melnotte' and 'Pauline,' will be performed at the Gaiety *matinée* to-day, when there will be also numerous day performances at other theatres, including *Our American Cousin*, at the Haymarket; *Blue Beard*, at the Globe; the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Standard, and Sanger's (Astley's), and *Little Red Riding Hood* at Hengler's.

The Drama.

THE pantomimes have now got into smooth working order, and have drawn overflowing houses since the mitigation of the severe weather last Saturday, a change which has been equally felt by the other theatres which retain their previous programmes, without any special change for Christmas. The day performances, more numerous this year than they have ever been before, have also been very fully attended.

Lord Lytton's comedy of *Money* was represented at the Gaiety *matinée* last Saturday by a very effective cast including Mr. Hermann Vezin as 'Evelyn,' Mr. Maclean as 'Sir John Vesey,' Mr. Arthur Cecil as 'Sir Frederick Blount,' Mr. Righton as 'Stout,' Mr. J. G. Taylor as 'Graves,' Mr. Belford as 'Captain Dudley Smooth,' Mrs. John Wood as 'Lady Franklin,' Miss Furtado as 'Georgina Vesey,' and Miss Rose Leclercq as 'Clara Douglas.' The comedy was so favourably received, it is very likely to be repeated. *The Lady of Lyons*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Melnotte' and 'Pauline' is announced for to-day's *matinée*. A morning performance also took place at the Vaudeville for the benefit of Mr. Hastings, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on Saturday, when a pleasant little comedy, by a new dramatic author, Mr. G. R. Douglas, was produced under the title of *Stage Land*, and supported in the leading characters by Messrs. W. H. Stephens, Vyner Robinson, Lin Rayne, Collette and Atkins; Miss Eleanor Buffon, Miss Augusta Wilton, and Mrs. Pitt. The comedy was very favourably received, and although crude and conventional in some points, it is so meritorious and indicates such promise, that Mr. Douglas is sure to be heard of again.

At the Philharmonic, the withdrawal of *Giroflé Girofla* on Friday last week, and the revival on Saturday of *La Fille de Madame Angot* was postponed until Wednesday, when Lecocq's most popular opera was restored to the bills, with Mr. Nordblom in his original character of 'Ange Pitou,' Mr. Marier as 'Larivandière,' Miss Munroe (lent by Mr. Hollingshead) as 'Mlle. Lange,' in lieu of Mlle. Morensi, as previously announced, and Mlle. Manetti as 'Clairette.' On Wednesday evening Miss Carry Nelson and her company terminated their twelve nights' engagement at the Charing Cross Theatre, where Miss Ada Cavendish commences an engagement to-night, when she will sustain her original impersonation of 'Mercy Merrick,' in Wilkie Collins's drama of *The New Magdalen*, in which she will be supported by Miss Le Thièrre, Miss Kate Rivers, Miss Edith Lynd, and Messrs. R. Markby, Leonard Boyne, &c., &c.

No other changes have taken place during the week. To-day morning performances will be given of *The Lady of Lyons*, at the Gaiety, *Our American Cousin*, at the Haymarket; *Blue Beard*, at the Globe; *Little Red Riding Hood*, at Hengler's Cirque; and of the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Sanger's (Astley's), Royal Standard, &c. This evening a new comediotta by J. Maddison Morton entitled *Maggie's Situation*, will be produced at the Court, where Miss Litton will make her reappearance in the leading character, 'Maggie Gray,' and the popular drama of *A Dream at Sea* will be revived at the Adelphi, in succession to *The Prayer in the Storm*.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD; AND THE BIG BED OF WARE.

WHAT lover of pantomime, who has been charmed and delighted by the magnificent spectacle of *The Babes in the Wood*; and the *Big Bed of Ware*, cares to dilate upon the author's departure from the original story of "The Children in the Wood; or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament?" What does it matter if the introduction of the "Big Bed of Ware," changes the locality of the nursery legend from Norfolk to Hertfordshire? The veriest Norfolk "dumpling" will allow that the aforesaid bed adds materially to the punishment of the "cruel uncle," with whose pecuniary difficulties Mr. Charles Rice's brilliant pantomime opens, with a rollicking briskness and "go," which give the keynote to the whole performance. Dunned by his tradesman, blown up in the bargain by 'Mother Bunch' (Miss Rebecca Isaac's fine voice is almost thrown away in this minor part), 'Sir Rollingstone,' "the cruel uncle" (Mr. Fred Gould), sets out from Brantree for Ware Hall, with his villainous henchman, 'Grubgrabber the Greedy' (Mr. J. Wainwright). Thither they are preceded, however, by the 'bailiff' and 'lawyer' (enacted with sprit-like activity by two capital pantomimists, Mr. Carena and Mr. Valentine), who are the cause of a lively, dashing scene, abounding in practical fun and joking, in the vast kitchen of Ware Hall. So excellent is the stage-management, that ere we have done laughing at this mirth-moving kitchen scene, down drops a beautifully-painted exterior of Ware Hall in winter, and one of the prettiest young ladies on the stage (Miss Catherine Lewis, who, as an arch and tuneful *vivandière*, had won the heart of Wilford Morgan in the preliminary operetta) comes, is seen, and conquers us (as well as her lover, Miss Annie Goodall) as a most bewitching Phœbe. The sweet-voiced Phœbe saves the two children (wisely represented by "Little Nelly Groves" and Miss Rogers) from the persecution of 'Grubgrabber the Greedy'; and, hey, presto! there's a change to the noble baronial hall of Baron Broadbosom (Mr. Chamberlain), the finest of fine old English gentlemen, who celebrates Christmas in true, old-fashioned Christmas style. The life and animation of the masque in "Ye banquet chamber in Ware Hall" are well-indicated in Mr. D. H. Friston's capital sketch of the scene during the procession of St. George and ye Dragon, ye Mummings, ye Yule Log, ye Lord of Misrule and ye Boar's Head," &c., &c. This may be called a living picture after the style of Sir John Gilbert; for the costumes are as historically accurate as those of the famous linner of Old English pageantry, having been copied by Mr. Rice from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. Melodious as M. Rivière's "Spring, Spring, gentle Spring" is the sweet chorus of the four Seasons, sung by a company of sweet-voiced little girls. The ballet, that forms an attractive feature of the revels, is one of the most tasteful we have seen for some time, the coryphées being the *crème de la crème* of the London stage, and their pretty faces and graceful forms being brightly set off by costumes of alluring beauty and harmonious colours. For resplendent effect this magnificent spectacle is unsurpassed. It ends sensationally enough with the destruction of the canopy, beneath which the Baron and Baroness are seated, whilst Sir Rollingstone and Grubgrabber plot and scheme on the other side of the hall. Chastely soft is the scene of "The Frozen Dyke of Dunmow," where another tasteful ballet is danced, and where the "Babes" meet with their death, not in the orthodox fashion, for Grubgrabber falls a victim to a bear, and the children catch their death-a-cold by falling through the frozen tarn, the daring and beautiful effect of their apotheosis next occurring. As for the "cruel uncle," the torment he suffers while endeavouring to sleep in the "Big Bed of Ware" are indescribable, each bed-post and candle being transformed into giant ghosts. Paramount among the transformation-scenes of the present season should rank Mr. Julian Hicks's elaborate and effulgent fairy spectacle, one of the

most lovely and harmonious stage-pictures ever presented. So excellent is the opening to the Covent Garden pantomime, at once brilliant, humorous and lively, that the harlequinade is almost an ante-climax. The procession of umbrellas in Ashantee, however, is a notable scene. It occurs in King Koffee's camp, wherein a beautifully developed female athlete 'Lilla Queen of Clubs,' wields Indian clubs with astonishing ease and dexterity. The comic business is briskly performed by W. W. Walton as clown; J. Beckingham, pantaloon; Mr. Hemming, Harlequin; and Miss May, columbine. Mr. G. H. Betjemann is a most efficient *chef d'orchestre*. The entire performance reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Charles Rice, whose enterprise deserves to be crowned with triumphant success.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

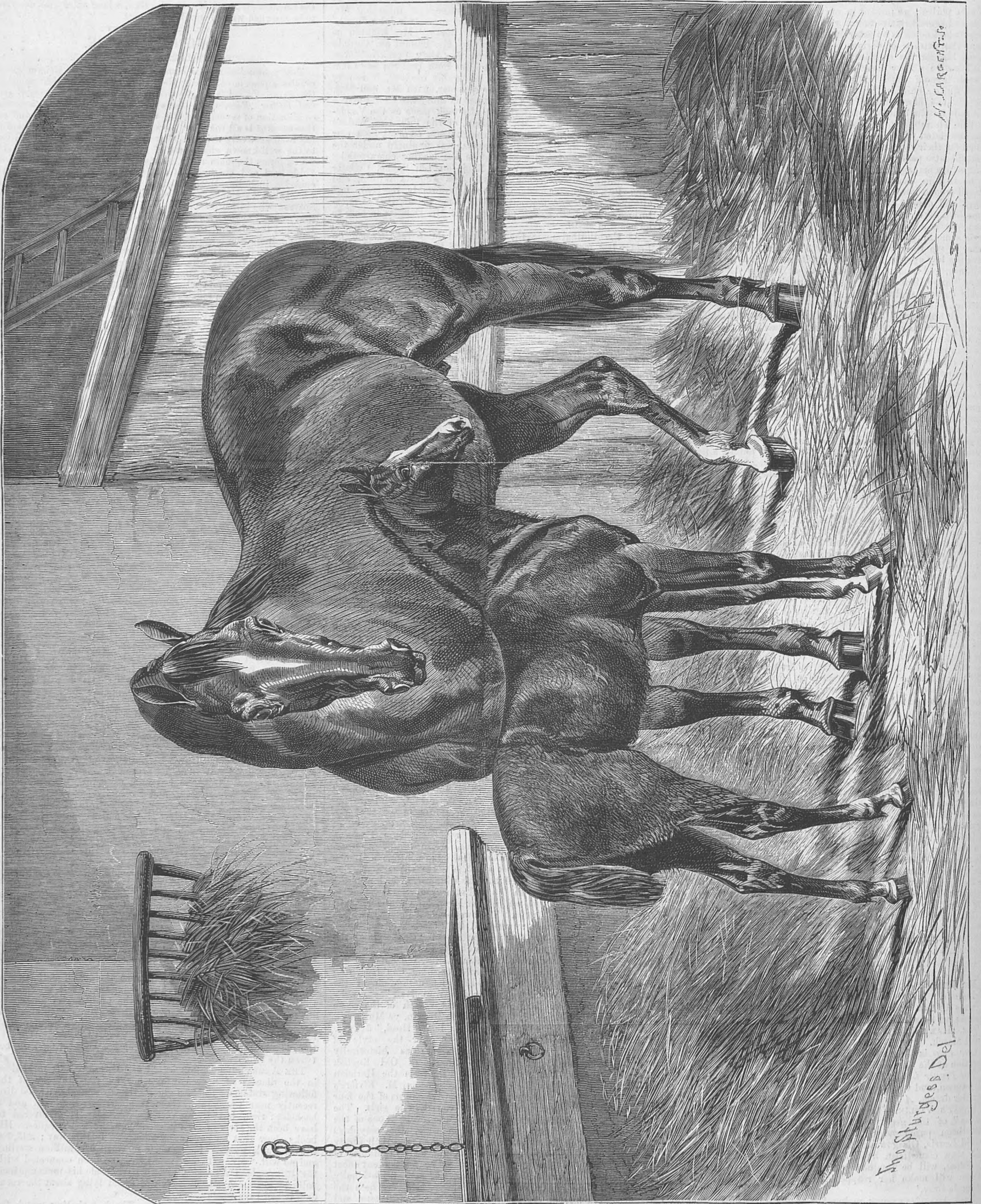
THE pantomime at this house is by the Brothers Grimm whose practised pens have also supplied the Christmas entertainment at the Princess's. Its lengthened title *The Children in the Wood*, *Old Father Æsop*, *Cock Robin* and *Jenny Wren*, indicates the combination of several nursery tales in its composition, and on this account is all the more acceptable to children, for whom it has been avowedly written. For here they will meet, in addition to the well-known characters of "The Children in the Wood" which forms the main story, nearly all the familiar personages of Fable-land and creatures of nursery rhymes in the subsidiary episodes, including Mother Bunch, Dame Trot, The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe, &c., Cock Robin, Jenny Wren, the Cruel Sparrow who killed poor Robin, and the various birds and beasts that assisted at the interment—besides the Wolf and the Lamb, the Dog and the Shadow, the Lion and the Mouse, and hosts of others familiar in nursery lore. These latter are introduced in the opening scene, in the home of Old Father Æsop, who is visited by 'Mistletoe' (Miss Edith Stuart), who, aided by a chattering little 'Magpie' (very cleverly acted by Miss Katie Logan) induces the old sage to accompany them to witness the nuptials of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren. Then follows the slaying by the jealous Sparrow of poor Cock Robin, and the burial according to the legend, with the aid of the Owl, the Bull, the Fly, &c., the meddling Magpie acting here, as well as throughout, in the capacity of chorus. The next scene is "The Kingdom of Birds," in which a very elegantly designed ballet takes place by the *corps* of young ladies in most tasteful dresses, to represent the brilliant and varied plumage of the "feathered songsters of the grove." This is a most charming scene, and is rendered still more effective by the introduction of steps or short ladders on the stage, on which the simulated birds form most picturesque groupings, as if arranged on perches of different elevations. From this brilliant scene, in which Mother Bunch, Dame Trot and her Cat, and other old ladies dear to juvenile minds, make their appearance, we are transferred to the residence of Sir Gabriel Grimwood, the cruel uncle, where the story of *The Children in the Wood* commences, and is carried out in accordance with the legend, in subsequent scenes, some of which are very amusing and full of interest for the young. The miscreant hired by the cruel Sir Gabriel to murder his nephew and niece, is a negro, one Daddy Jacky, the father of the Ten Little Niggers, whose untimely disappearance is exemplified, as the well-known ditty is sung, with great humour and point, by Mr. Calhaem, who again gives a most characteristic representation of a coloured brother; another amusing episode is where Sir Gabriel, overwhelmed with remorse for his unrelenting cruelty, is constantly haunted, like Mathias in the Lyceum drama, by the sound of bells; but Sir Gabriel's conscience monitors are those of St. Clement's, Bow, Stepney, &c., as in the nursery rhyme. He, moreover, in a horrid nightmare, is brought to trial before the Court of Fairy Queen's Bench, and a clever burlesque of the trial scene of the *Bells* ensues, in which Mr. J. Fawn, of transpontine renown, who enacts the part of 'Sir Gabriel' gives caricature imitations of Mr. Irving. A terrific combat, on behalf of the threatened children, in which Walter Trueheart (Miss Silvia Hodson), the lover of the children's governess, Barbara (Miss Hudspeth), defeats the negro; the repentance of Sir Gabriel and numerous incidents lead to the satisfactory termination of the story, and to Mr. Lloyd's lovely transformation, "The Prismatic Home of the Nereids," the exquisite brilliancy of which is at once both heightened and subdued in softness and constantly varying prismatic hues by the interposition of screens of gelatine, and their withdrawal, as the growing tableaux become developed. A lively harlequinade follows, supported by Messrs. Forrest, Dean, and Paulo, as clown, harlequin, and pantaloon, and Misses Parry and St. Pierre as columbines. It is further enlivened by the clever ventriloquism of Lieut. Cole; the graceful evolutions of Herr Holzer and Signora Spinzer, the famous Hungarian dancers, and other attractive performances. In the opening, besides those already named, the 'Sir Gabriel' of Mr. Moreland, and the pretty and naive acting of Miss Amalia and Miss Violet Cameron as the two children, 'Willie' and 'Alice,' are deserving of special commendation. The pantomime has been preceded by *The Prayer in the Storm*, which was withdrawn last night to be replaced this evening by a revival of the popular drama of *A Dream at Sea*.

A CHANGE will be made in the programme of the Holborn Amphitheatre on Monday next, when *Cinderella* will be replaced by another revival of *Madame Angot*, supported by the full Gaiety company.

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the death, at the age of 64, of Mr. W. Bone, the problem composer. The analyses of this gentleman in connection with the problems of Rook and Bishop against Rook, and King and three Pawns against a like force are well known. His ordinary compositions were marked by great ingenuity and industry. His style belonged neither to the old nor the new school, but formed a connecting link between the two.

THE ANONYMOUS DONOR OF £1,000 CHEQUES.—A rural dean in the diocese of Rochester vouches for the accuracy of the following statement:—"An old gentleman named Attwood died recently near Cheshunt. He was about 80 years old and a bachelor; rich, but living very quietly. He is discovered to have been the giver of all the anonymous £1,000 cheques. His books show that he gave away £350,000 in this way; £45,000 within the last year. He has left more than a million sterling and no will. Mr. Attwood is said to have been connected with the Birmingham Attwoods, and to have made his money principally by glass. A £1,000 note was found lying about the room as if it had been waste paper."

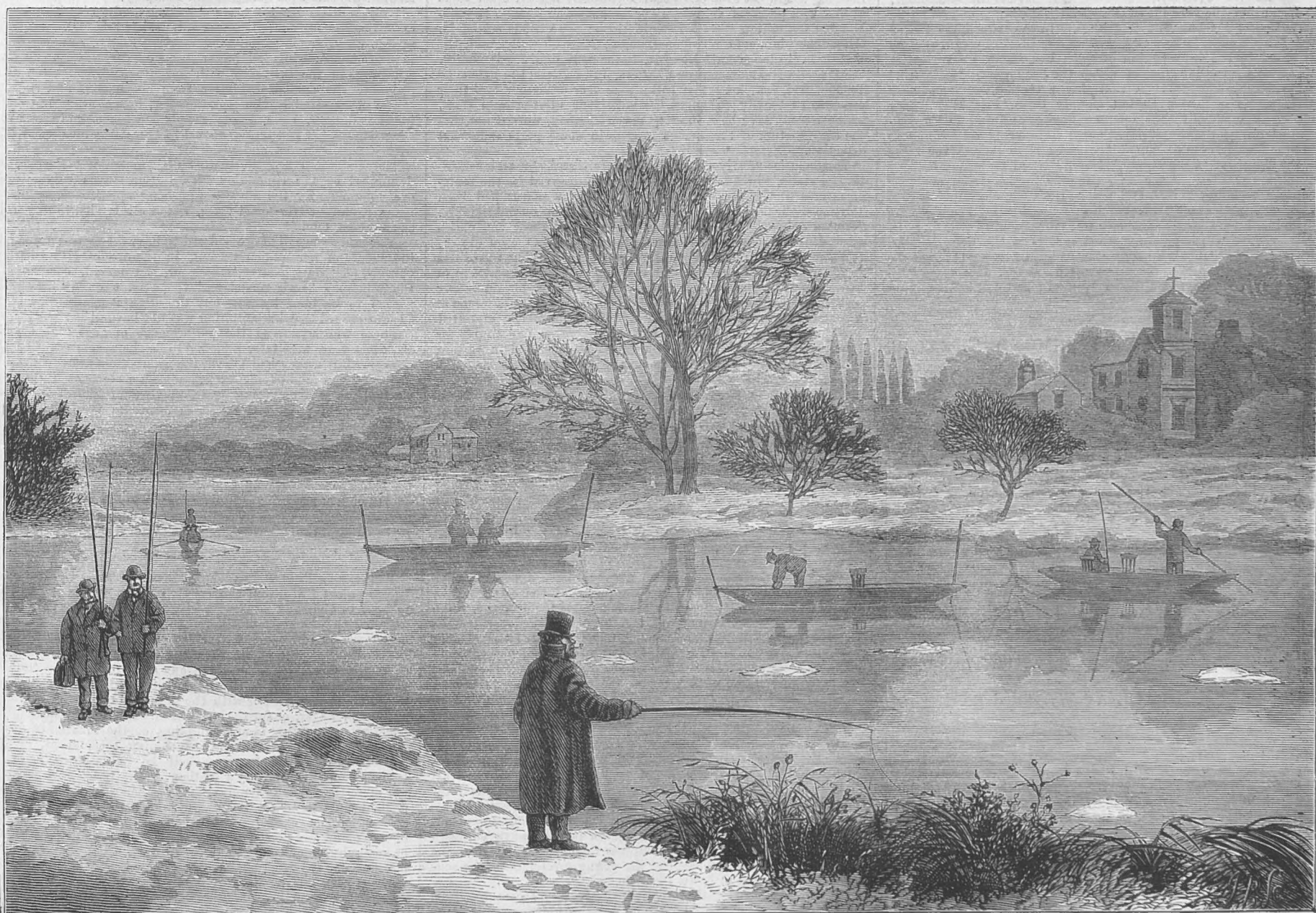
CHAMPION SKATING MATCHES.—The last skating match for the championship of the Ouse and a prize of £15 came off on the Railway Dock at Ely on Saturday last, in the presence of thousands of spectators, who, owing to the surface of the ice being covered with water to the depth of several inches, lined the banks of the dock, and from this position obtained a much better view than they could have done on the ice. The entries included the principal champion and ex-champion, and the conditions being different, Watkinson, who had hitherto been so invincible during the present season, had his colours lowered, and T. Porter, of Southey, beat all who came against him, as he did over the Queen Adelaide Bridge Course on Tuesday last.



THE FIRSTLING OF THE YEAR. (See Tale in Last Week's Number).



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS—"OUT FOR A FROLIC."



A BANK HOLIDAY (BOXING-DAY) ON THE THAMES.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THAT the management of the Standard Theatre would sustain the reputation they have so ably won was to be expected, but that they would surpass their previous efforts was open to doubt when we remember the glories of *Cinderella*, *Aladdin*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, and *Whittington*. As each succeeding boxing-day comes round, their patrons say, "Well, the pantomime is sure to be good, but they will find it impossible to beat the one of last year;" and their patrons are agreeably disappointed to find that in the dictionary of the Messrs. Douglass, there is no such word as "impossible." It is needless to say that Mr. John Douglass does not follow very closely the text of Defoe's immortal hero, 'Robinson Crusoe'; but he will be easily forgiven by all who see the result of this daring sacrilege, and Mr. Richard Douglass must be once more complimented for placing on the stage some of the most effective scenes ever witnessed. The departure of the vessel which takes 'Crusoe' to sea is a really marvellous piece of mechanical ingenuity. The charming crew, after a nautical ballet, introducing a sword-dance (supposed to be indigenous to Wapping), that brings down the house, swarm up the rigging, and the stately ship moves slowly off amidst the cheers of the delighted spectators.

In the panorama we find some charming views of tropical scenery; and the two scenes on the island—The Forest of Pines and 'Crusoe's' home (the former introducing the grotesque assembly of the tribes)—would alone be sufficient to make any artist famous. Not content with all this excellent display, the Messrs. Douglass make 'Robinson' see in a vision the fairy inhabitants of the mystic isle. This scene is difficult to describe, but it will be found to be the most magnificent and elaborate spectacular display ever witnessed. The elfin band, clad in glittering silver mail, completely fill the immense stage, and perform some exceedingly intricate and graceful evolutions; from their helmets, as they march, brilliant gas-stars burst into flame in a way that puzzles and delights the audience. This is a sight we strongly advise every playgoer to go and see.

An old favourite, Mr. J. W. Wallace, is exquisitely unctuous in the title rôle, and Mr. J. Barnum, an actor full of grotesque humour and an agile and graceful dancer, creates the part of the faithful 'Friday.' These two gentlemen possess the rare quality of being able to work together, extracting all the fun that is to be had from the humorous situations in which the author has placed them. Mr. F. H. Watson, and Mr. Fred. Hargist, also deserve honourable mention for their thoroughly successful representation of the bold buccaneer, 'Atkins,' and 'Crusoe's' shrewish wife. The ladies are also well selected; Miss Louie Costin, who made a hit at the Alexandra last year, being equally successful as 'Harry Homespun,' and Miss Kate Neville, who is always a favourite, makes a bright and charming novelty, whose sparkling manner makes us regret that the part is not double its length. With the dresses, excellently selected and costly, the magnificent scenery, and the capital acting, this pantomime will draw large houses for months, and we heartily congratulate the managers on their success.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

MR. J. CAVE, in producing his seventeenth Christmas annual, has presented the Marylebone playgoers with a grand pastoral pantomime, entitled *Little Boy Blue*. By the manner of its reception, it is no doubt as successful, if not more so, as its predecessors. As 'Prince Blunderhead,' Mr. Cave is full of humour, and, as usual, the very life of the opening, during which he treats us to one of his famous patter songs. In the 'Cornfield Valley and Fairy Haunt,' a very pretty scene, the effect of which is more ruralised by the introduction of some live sheep, we are introduced to a juvenile ballet, of which the fairy queen, 'Industria' (Miss Fanny Mortimer), a charming little actress, sings very prettily. Miss Sophie Burlett as 'Sly Boots,' and Miss Jenny Lee as 'Boy Blue,' fill their parts with *chic*, and add to the success of the pantomime. Mr. George Skinner is very funny as 'Dame Mangoldwurzle'; and if stiffness is to express the sense of the dignity of 'King Pigmy,' Master Edward Paris very forcibly conveys the idea. After an extremely funny march of horse marines on hobby horses, and with 'Prince Blunderhead' as captain, who is eventually defeated in a duel with 'Boy Blue,' we are introduced to a really gorgeous transformation, illustrating the four seasons, which devolves great credit on the designer, Mr. Robson. Mr. Paulo is a very vivacious Clown, going through the usual comic business, ably supported by Mr. C. Roberts as Pantaloon; Harlequin, Mr. Charles Wilford; and Columbine, Miss Ada Gordon.

BOXING-DAY AT THE RICHMOND THEATRE.

For the first time "within legal memory," as a "learned friend" of ours once put it, a pantomime was produced at the Richmond theatre on boxing-day, December 26th, and the unusual occurrence attracted a large number of spectators to the "playhouse." In the production of the pantomime of *Jack and the Beanstalk* the company achieved a well-deserved success. The way in which the Amazonian Lilliputians, a corps of "pretty, well-shaped children," of Richmond parentage, discharged their duties called forth a loud encore, which was gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Youens, their "drill-instructor." The characters of 'Jack,' 'Goody Two Shoes,' and 'Queen Constance,' were well played by the Misses Brewer, Fossette, Corinne, and Mr. E. Hastings was excellent as 'Jacky Green.' The scenery was good; the lights and mechanical effects cleverly arranged; and the transformation scene pretty, well-designed, and effectively executed. In the "phun an' phrolic" which followed, Mr. Carl Waller made a really clever clown, and the whole affair went off very briskly and much to the satisfaction of the audience.—*From the Richmond and Twickenham Times.*

MRS. HOWARD PAUL AT WESTBOURNE HALL.

This popular entertainer commenced a series of performances at Westbourne Hall, on Monday last, assisted by Mr. Walter Pelham and Miss Blanche Navarre. We are tolerably familiar with most of Mrs. Howard Paul's impersonations, but we are never tired of witnessing them, and safely calculate on deriving from them as much pleasure as ever on each occasion when we are privileged to be present. 'Molly McGwire' is there with her rich brogue. 'The sour-looking Old Maid,' with her song of 'Bother the Men,' and a multiplicity of other characters, all equally amusing and equally admirably delineated. Mr. Walter Pelham is a most efficient coadjutor, and gives recitations from popular authors with a variety of manner and facial expression quite extraordinary to behold. Miss Navarre ably and intelligently presides at the piano, and we would advise any of our readers who may desire to pass a really enjoyable evening to pay a visit to Westbourne Hall at an early opportunity.

THE DORSTS AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

By the way of strengthening his Christmas programme, Mr. Shepherd has engaged a party of French pantomimists, who, judging from the applause which nightly greet their robust efforts, are great favourites with the numerous patrons of the Philharmonic. The Dorsts resemble the Clodoches in the extravagance of their posturing and wonderful agility, and also, it must be added, in the appeals they occasionally make on the indulgence of an audience unused to French ideas of gymnastic fun. They are humorous—after a rough-and-tumble fashion—and singularly agile. One of them, a person of uncertain years, with a melancholy face, and a singularly lively right leg, reminds the spectator of the cleverest of the Vokes family, and there is a distressingly powerful young man in female garments who could not fail to succeed at Hengler's—especially on the flying trapeze—but, for the performance as a whole, there is nothing special to be said. The tricks and fun of the Parisian pantomime, albeit neat and unflagging, are not new. We doubt whether the Dorsts will leave a reputation behind them equal to that earned by the Clodoches group of posturers. As the highly successful opera-bouffe, *Girofle-Girofla*, is being played for "the last nights" while we write, we have only to mention that Mdlle. Maunetti and Mr. Nordblom have quite succeeded during the time they have been at the Philharmonic in keeping alive the interest which had been previously won for the parts they respectively played by Miss Julia Matthews and Mr. Fisher.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

PARIS, January 6, 1875.

THE new Opera House was inaugurated last-night, the opening ceremony being attended by the President of the Republic, the Corps Diplomatique, the representatives of the various corporate bodies of the State, the ex-king of Hanover, the recently proclaimed King of Spain, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and a crowd of fashionable and political celebrities. The lions of the evening were undoubtedly, our civic dignitaries, who appeared clad in their fanciful official costumes, and proceeded in solemn procession from the Hotel Bristol—where they are stopping—to the Place de l'Opera, their cortege being composed of the traditional gala coaches which customarily figure at the Lord Mayor's Show, and their escort, consisting of the heralds of the City of London and a detachment of mounted Gardes de Paris. The amusement of the Parisians was intense at the sight of the gorgeous state carriages with their richly attired lacqueys, and the sword and mace bearers were contemplated with feelings of mingled awe, admiration, and wonder. On arriving at the Opera House, Lord Mayor Stone and his attendants were received by the French Minister, headed by General de Cissey, and escorted to a grand proscenium box, facing that occupied by the President of the National Assembly, and adjoining that reserved for the chief of the State. The latter had already arrived, and wore the uniform of a Marshal of France. The aspect of the house was truly magnificent; gorgeous toilettes and handsome uniforms were to be seen on every side; the former set off with flashing diadems and necklaces, and the latter, with ribbons, crosses, and medals. Close to the box occupied by President Buffet, one noticed *loge 17* where Count and Countess de Paris were seated, with the Duchesse de Montpensier and the Infanta-Christina. A little farther on was the King of Hanover, with his daughters; and in an adjoining box sat General and Madame De Cissey, with the officers of their household. Looking round the *salle* one's eyes continually lighted upon some well-known political or military personage—the Duc de Broglie, Marshal Canrobert, the Governor of Paris; the various ministers, the ambassadors and plenipotentiaries; MM. de Rothschild, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Bisaccia, Baron de la Roncière le Noury, the Duc de Nemours and de Chartres, Jules Favre, the Prince de Troubetzkö, &c., &c. The ladies were very numerous, and their presence naturally enhanced the splendour of the *coup d'œil*, which would have been in every respect perfect, were it not that the illumination of the houses is still in some parts somewhat defective.

The deputies mostly occupied *fauteuils d'orchestre* and amphitheatre stalls, which latter places were also reserved for the representatives of the press. A hundred and fifty places had been allotted to the latter, 250 being assigned to the National Assembly. Now as we possess no less than 735 deputies, these 250 places naturally became as many bones of contention. Lots were drawn, and 250 *représentants* went on their way rejoicing, but the others were loud in expressing their indignation, and even threatened to bring about a ministerial crisis with the view of punishing Vicomte de Cumont for not having given *coupons* for all. One of the most extraordinary features of this performance was that everybody, save the representatives of the press, had to pay for their *entrées*—thus, the British Embassy received a certain number of *coupons* with a memorandum to the effect that the places specified upon them would be reserved for Lord Lyons and the *attaches*, on the understanding that they paid for them. This certainly seems a most extraordinary proceeding, but then, *ami lecteur*, we are living under the Republic, and 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,' is supposed to be the motto of the state. Even M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the house, had to pay for the box that had been reserved for him.

The programme for the evening was as follows: 1. Overture of *La Muette de Portici*. 2. Acts i. ii. of *La Juive* (Scribe and Halévy). 3. Valse. 4. Overture *Guillaume Tell*. 5. Dagger scene from *Les Huguenots*. 6. Tableau ii. of the ballet of *La Source*, with *pars de voiles* and *d'action*. In truth, a veritable *pot pourri*. The selections from *Hamlet* and *Faust* in which Madame Nilsson and M. Faure were to have appeared, were suppressed at the last hour in consequence of the Swedish diva finally declining to take part in the inaugural performance. She states that she is indisposed, but pride and jealousy appear to be her sole ailments. It is much to be regretted that she did not think proper to take part in last night's ceremony, for in addition to depriving the public of her own presence, she robbed Faure of his chance of figuring on the programme. As it was, Mdlle. Krauss was frequently applauded as 'Rachel' in *La Juive*, while Mdlle. Sangalli achieved complete success in the rôle of 'Naila' in the ballet of *La Source*.

As I have mentioned above the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were the lions of the evening, still considerable curiosity was manifested to catch a glimpse of young king of Spain who sat behind his mother and the Countess de Gergenti. It was most amusing to see Bonapartists and Orleanists alike flocking to his box and offering him their congratulations—the first of course presuming on the sympathy that Queen Isabel always professed for the late Emperor and the Empress Eugénie, the latter on the matrimonial ties which connect the young sovereign to the sons and grandchildren of Louis Philippe.

M. Charles Garnier, the architect of the New Opera has been named an officer of the Legion of Honour in addition to receiving the appointment of *Architecte du Conservatoire*. Mr. Hâlanzier has been presented with the rosette of *Officier d'Académie*. This latter is one of M. de Cumont's jokes. E. A. V.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

At a period when plays which deservedly rank high in English dramatic literature have been warmly welcomed by London audiences, it is gratifying to find that amateurs follow suit, and instead of getting up mawkish pieces, screaming farces, and burlesques, select standard comedies, thus restoring the drama to its place among the fine arts. At Loton Park, Sir Baldwin Leighton produced, with great effect, T. W. Robertson's comedies of *Caste* and *School*, both admirably well performed; and at Clandon Park, the Earl of Onslow, aided by Sir Baldwin, Lord Eliot, Mr. Herbert Gardner, and Lady William Lennox, who formed part of the Loton *corps dramatique*, and with auxiliary aid, in the persons of the Honorable Mrs. Butler, Miss Onslow, Mr. A. Onslow, and Mr. W. Hay, brought out *Ours* in a manner worthy of the boards of a metropolitan theatre, every minute detail being carefully preserved and well executed. Perhaps the most difficult part in this exquisite piece is 'Hugh Chalcot,' with his "gloomy air and misanthropic eye-glass," yet generous heart, who though "lapped in luxury" repents his inglorious career, and seeks "reputation at the cannon's mouth" in the wild steppes of the Crimea. This character was most admirably performed by the noble host, who thoroughly proved himself worthy of the title of an accomplished artist, a subtle exponent of delicate satire, an incomparable humourist, and an impassioned lover. Had Lord Onslow studied the culinary art under Ude, Soyer, Fracatelli, or Buckmaster, he could not have been more *au fait*, with the mysteries of the kitchen, than he was when preparing a dinner in the Crimean hut. It was genuine fun, free from exaggeration. Lord Eliot is a most effective and intelligent actor, and looked and performed the gallant 'Sir Alexander,' colonel of *Ours*, to perfection; nothing could exceed his manly bearing, his dignity, his natural manner; and, above all, the pathos he exhibited in the parting, and subsequent reconciliation scenes with 'Lady Shendryn.' 'Angus M'Alister' received ample justice from Mr. Herbert Gardner, who combines the vivacity of Charles Matthews with the joyous tones of an Elliston. This gentleman is a true actor, in the highest and best sense of the word, always letter perfect, thoroughly at home on the boards, full of life and spirit, and will always be the soul of any piece in which he takes part. His voice, his natural manner, his ease, and his attention to the most minute points of the characters he undertakes are as invaluable on the amateur boards, as they would be on the regular ones. Sir Baldwin Leighton took infinite pains to render 'Prince Perovsky' a prominent feature, and fully succeeded in so doing. Few amateurs possess greater dramatic genius than Sir Baldwin, or more versatility of talent. He can mark—

"The wayward testiness of ancient life,
The froward jealousy, the peevish strife.
Not that in age alone his powers excel,
The sprightly coxcomb he displays as well;
And with a judgment critically true,
His native tact he ever keeps in view."

Thus his 'Beau Farintosh,' his 'Uncle Browzer,' his 'Boobleheart,' and his 'Russian Prince' were all successes.

Mr. Gardner and Sir Baldwin possess, in addition to their histrionic talent, dramatic powers of no mean order; both having written some extremely pretty pieces, which, if produced on the London board, would prove "hits." Mr. Onslow acted 'Sergeant Jones' to the life. One would fancy he had been a soldier (not a distinguished barrister) from his earliest days; as an actor he unquestionably merited a medal, and the good-conduct stripe. Mr. W. Hay, by the pains which he took, and the talent which he displayed, showed how prominently a good actor can bring forward the small part of 'Captain Lamprey.'

Lady William Lennox acted 'Lady Shendryn' with vivacity and ease, and fully merited the applause she received. Her early scenes, where she is languishing and sentimental, were perfectly true to nature; while her powers, as an artist, appeared to great advantage in the interview with her husband, when, roused by jealousy, she snatches a letter from his hands, and exclaims "The blank side!" Her look of anger, turned at once to one of hopeless despair, showed how deeply she identified herself with the past, and her penitential appeal to 'Sir Alexander' was replete with pathos, remorse, and affection.

The tender and beautifully drawn character of 'Blanche' was delineated by the Honorable Mrs. Butler. This lady possesses every requisite for the stage,—a pleasing appearance, a graceful manner, and a silver-toned voice, which all tended to render her success complete.

A *débutante* usually is considered to have some claim upon the indulgence of her audience; but, in the case of Miss Charlotte Onslow, as 'Mary Netley,' the poor, yet phoud, companion of the imperious 'Lady Shendryn,' the artist showed that she disdained to be tried by any but the highest standard, and her success proved that her ambition was not beyond her powers.

Those who witnessed the performance of *school* at Clandon Park last year, were fully prepared to be the spectators of another success. But if they had known the numberless difficulties which had to be met and overcome, before such a piece as *Ours* could efficiently be put upon the stage, they would almost have been afraid that the unassisted talent of amateurs would hardly have been equal to the occasion. Sheridan's remark, when asked, whom he liked best at an amateur performance, and replied, "The prompter, for I heard more and saw less of him than anyone else," was not applicable to the Clandon Park theatricals, for on the above occasion the office of that generally useful functionary, who though "lost to sight is to memory dear," was a sinecure. The first performance of the piece took place last night, and it will be repeated both this afternoon and Monday evening.

BETTING IN PUBLIC PLACES IN MANCHESTER.—In the General Improvement Bill which the corporation of Manchester will seek to pass in the next session, a clause has been inserted for the suppression of public betting. It is as follows:—"Any person or persons found frequenting or loitering about (whether walking or standing) any street, square, court, alley, or other thoroughfare or public place, or in or upon any open or enclosed building, yard, or vacant land, whether the same be public or private property, for the purpose or with the intent of gaming or of making any bet or wager, or for the purpose or with the intent of aiding, assisting, or abetting in any gambling, or the making of any bet or wager upon any race or forthcoming race, event, or other matter or thing whatsoever, shall be liable upon conviction before two of her Majesty's justices of the peace to a penalty of not more than twenty pounds nor less than one pound and costs, or in default to be imprisoned, with or without hard labour, for any period not exceeding three calendar months for the first offence; and any person adjudged to have been guilty of a second or any subsequent offence may be imprisoned, without the option of a fine, for any term not exceeding six calendar months, with or without hard labour. And it shall be lawful for any constable or peace officer to take into custody, without warrant, any person or persons whom he may find frequenting or loitering in or about any such street or place as aforesaid whom he shall suspect to be there for the purpose or with the intent of gambling, or betting, or aiding, assisting, or abetting therein."

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

OFFENBACH'S "WHITTINGTON."

[SECOND NOTICE.]

DURING the Christmas season, pantomime is triumphant, and it is very rarely that at such a time any important musical novelty is presented. It must also be admitted that it is disadvantageous, to a work of such importance as a three-act opera, that it should have to compete with a host of other novelties. There is great probability that it may fail to receive the attention to which it is entitled; and certainly M. Offenbach's new opera, *Whittington*, has been received with an indifference which would hardly have been exhibited had it been produced at a less busy time in the theatrical year. It is, however, an event of considerable importance to the musical world. We do not get three-act operas every day,—least of all operas by so distinguished a composer as M. Offenbach,—and his latest contribution to the musical drama claims full examination, were it only on account of the eminent position of its composer.

Last week we gave a general glance at the work, and particularised the principal musical numbers contained in the first act. We have now to notice the remainder of the music, and we should be glad were we able to find more occasion for praise than the first act afforded. Act ii. commences with a "Hammock chorus," sung by the female attendants of the Princess Hirvaia. Two of the singers are seen swinging to and fro in silken hammocks; the rest are standing or seated. The scene is beautifully arranged, and an opportunity is afforded for the introduction of characteristic music. With very little trouble M. Offenbach might have consulted the many records which are to be found in Paris, in which the peculiar rhythms of the Arabian and Moorish music have been preserved. He appears, however, to have neglected or disdained this opportunity, and resolved to write a choral *berceuse* entirely of his own invention. He was free to choose his own plan of action; his audience were entitled to expect something in the shape of graceful music in such a dramatic situation. They were doomed to disappointment. The absence of characteristic colour was not compensated by any originality or charm of melody; and all that could be said in favour of the music was that it was eminently qualified to fulfil its ostensible function of inducing somnolency. Next came an air and chorus ("Woman's Will") for the Princess and her ladies. The words, which convey an idea of female coquettishness, might have suggested a piquant melodic setting; but the music was the baldest commonplace. No. 3 is a quintett ("The Castaways") sung by Whittington, Dorothy, the Sergeant, Bellringer, and Captain, who have been shipwrecked on the coast of Morocco. Here, again, was an opportunity for effective concerted music. The surprise and alarm of the Princess and her ladies might have been contrasted with the pitiful appeals of the five Europeans, and a variety of emotions might have been musically embodied. In place of this, we have what is called a "quintett," but which has little claim to that title beyond the fact that five people sing in it. The melody is vulgar and ineffective; the harmony such as a three months' student might write. No. 4 is a rondo and chorus ("English Colonising") sung by the five Europeans and the Emperor of Morocco and his courtiers. Probably M. Offenbach thought it would be unwise to distract attention from the sneers at England and the English which are to be found in the words; so he took no trouble to write music worthy of notice. There is a certain amount of the vivacity and *chic* for which he has been renowned; but no trace of original invention. No. 5, the finale to this scene, is merely a repetition of the "rondo and chorus." The scene changes to the "Palace Grounds of Bambouli," a magnificently painted scene, which reflects the greatest credit on the inventive and executive powers of Mr. Albert Calceott. Here occurs the "Grand Barbaric Ballet," whose splendour gives the piece its only chance of vitality. A more gorgeous spectacle has never been seen on any stage. The costumes, designed by Mr. Alfred Thompson, and made by Miss Fisher and Mr. S. May, are not only splendid but tasteful; and the management may well be proud of the results which their wise selection of artists, coupled with their own lavish liberality, have effected. Here again comes an opportunity for the composer. With dancers like Mdles. Pitteri and Pertoldi, and the admirably trained *corps de ballet*, conducted by M. Devinne, almost any music would be acceptable; but that affords no excuse for the poverty of invention, and the prevalence of commonplace themes, which characterise the ballet music. If M. Offenbach had any doubts as to the capacity of the principal vocalists, he could have none respecting the qualifications of an orchestra enjoying so high a reputation as that of the Alhambra Theatre. In his instrumental music he had the fullest scope for invention; and yet he has written, for this "barbaric" ballet, music which is without character of any kind, and would do for any other situation; say a *fête* at Versailles, quite as well as for a ballet danced by Moorish warriors at the court of Morocco. No. 5½ is Dorothy's ballad, ("The Wind that blows from the sea,") which is vapid and uninteresting from a musical point of view, while the words are ungrammatical. Each verse concludes with the couplet,—

"Tell England I'll forget her never,
O wind that blows from the sea!"

the nominative being in the second person singular, and the verb in the third. If Mr. Farnie objects to say "O winds that blow from the sea!" he should change the line altogether. The same song contains the line,—

"Neath skies whose stars prevent the night;"

in which the verb "prevent" is indefensibly employed. Stars cannot "prevent" the night, in the modern sense of the word, *i.e.* to hinder; neither do stars "prevent" the night, in the sense of preceding it; since they are not visible until night arrives. No. 6 is a "Chorus of Moonshies," unworthy of notice; No. 7 is "The Rat Song," sung by the Princess and Chorus. Considering how anxious Mr. Farnie has apparently been to travesty and degrade the ancient story, it is remarkable that he should in this song have tried to magnify into fearful proportions the well-known incident of the intrusion of a number of rats at the dinner-table of the Emperor of Morocco, and should seriously try to awaken terror by describing

"The rat-fleas, thick and swarming
In millions on the plain!"

or should write such nonsense as,—

"And still like distant thunder
The cruel hordes sweep down;
They tear lov'd ones asunder
The waste, the plain, and town!"

These be "parlous words." They have evidently stimulated M. Offenbach to heroic exertions, and he gives us the "distant thunder" of the millions of rats tearing asunder "the waste, the plain, and town;"—the "lov'd ones" previously referred to. The

result is a combination of literary and musical bathos. No. 8 is a duet ("O tell me pray,") for the Princess and Whittington, which is however sung in a preceding scene. No. 9, the finale to this act, includes a "Chorus of Guests," a "Dinner Rondo," a "Drinking Song," a "Song and Chorus" ("Our old ship yonder is lying"), and a concluding air and chorus, "So when from England we shall come back." The Drinking Song has some of the old Offenbachian ring about it; and the only good descriptive music of the opera is to be found in the scene where the rats invade the dinner festivities. This is really dramatic;—

"And all the rest is leather and prunella."

Act iii. contains little music. It opens, in a charmingly painted "Harvest Field, near London," with a dance of "Chasseurs et Moissonneuses." Why English should be used in reference to a "harvest field," and French in reference to a dance of "hunters and reapers," is a conundrum for the audience. The ballet is short, and the music light and pretty. The succeeding "Chorus of Reapers" is insignificant. The song and chorus ("Thimble-rigging") sung by Alice, Fitzwarren, and chorus, is one of the best numbers in the work. The trio, "Little We've Found Out" is thorough commonplace; and the duo, "Again, Again," sung by Alice and Whittington, although graceful and melodious, is devoid of originality. There is nothing worthy of remark in the music of the "Guildhall Pageant;" nor is there anything in the concluding "Procession, March, and Chorus," to dispel the gloom which has been induced by the monotonous dulness of the preceding music.

Whittington is, from a musical point of view, a decided failure. Some allowance may be made for the difficulty of setting an English libretto; but the difficulty must have been foreseen, and if M. Offenbach chose to encounter it, he has himself alone to blame for the injury which his reputation has sustained. The subject presented advantageous opportunities, which he has not turned to advantage. The action of Auber's opéra-comique *Le Cheval de Bronze*, is supposed to take place in China; a country which cannot be said to boast of any kind of national music. Auber, however, has contrived to infuse into his work a piquant originality by the use of peculiar rhythms, and quaint orchestration; which, although they may not be Chinese in character, are nevertheless characterised by a *bizarerie* which distinguishes *Le Cheval de Bronze* from operas framed on ordinary models. The second act of *Whittington* afforded similar opportunities to M. Offenbach. Not only has he failed to turn these opportunities to advantage, but he has in the remainder of the work exhibited lamentable feebleness and insipidity. He may hereafter redeem his reputation, and may find inspiration in those more indelicate plots and equivocal situations with which his music has usually been associated. Under circumstances more congenial to his muse he may produce those dramatic *ensembles* which are vainly looked for in *Whittington*; but the reign of indelicate opéra-bouffe is over, so far as English audiences are concerned; and its fall has been greatly accelerated by the failure of M. Offenbach in the attempt to produce an opera which should achieve success by its musical merits alone.

Mr. Farnie's libretto does little to compensate for the weakness of M. Offenbach's music. Mr. Farnie is, no doubt, obliged to avail himself of literary assistance in his multifarious labours, and was probably compelled to work against time in this instance. If he has had co-labourers in writing this libretto, he has hardly been fortunate in his choice; and we look in vain for the elegance of style and purity of English which were found in some of the earlier works which bear his name; such, for instance, as *Breaking the Spell*, *Superba*, *The Crimson Scarf*, or *Forty Winks*. Hitherto, he has been only an adapter;—on this occasion he has had an opportunity of giving full play to his powers, in writing an entirely original libretto. He had the advantage of finding in the well-known story of "Whittington and his Cat" a familiar, interesting, and suggestive plot, and dramatic incidents;—but, unfortunately, he has debased and travestied the original, and has added nothing valuable of his own. Every one remembers the story of Dick Whittington. How he ran away from his master, Fitzwarren. How, while resting on a stile at Highgate, he listened to the distant bells of Bow Church, and fancied they said to him,—

"Turn again Whittington,
Thrice Mayor of London!"

How he returned to his master, and sent out—as a commercial venture,—in his master's ship, bound for Morocco, the cat which was his only treasure. How the cat amazed the Emperor of Morocco by killing the rats which attacked his dinner, and how the cat was purchased by the Emperor for so large a sum of money that Whittington found himself rich enough to start in business, and ultimately married Alice Fitzwarren and became "thrice Mayor of London." Why should Mr. Farnie turn this good old story upside down? Nothing can be more forced and improbable, not to say unnecessary, than the sailing of Dick,—and nearly all the rest of the *dramatis persone*,—in the ship which carries the cat to Morocco. In the third act Alice Fitzwarren and her father are supposed to be reduced to beggary by the shipwreck of the father's vessel. There would be little objection to this perversion of the original story if it led to any good dramatic effect,—but it appears to have been made for no other purpose than to vulgarise the familiar legend. Alice is exhibited as a "thimble-rigger," (!) with a thimble and pea-table, which she manipulates for the purpose of cheating the huntsmen and reapers;—we beg pardon,—the *Chasseurs et Moissonneuses*,—in the harvest field of Act III. When the sergeant arrives, she hides the table, and whines this elegant couplet,—

"Kind Christian friends, please chuck a copper,
For our character, ask the Beaks!"

Directly he disappears she brings out the thimbles and the pea, and resumes her cheating. For this wanton vulgarising of a pretty story it is impossible to plead in excuse the exigencies of translation or adaptation. The incident is of Mr. Farnie's own invention, and if his experience leads him to believe that this kind of thing is what the patrons of opéra-bouffe desire, that fast declining form of entertainment could hardly receive a stronger condemnation. Again, what necessity was there for altering the legend, and bringing Alice to Highgate in the middle of the night, to sing a song to the sleeping Dick, which by some psychological effect causes him to dream that he has heard the bells? The old simple story is far more poetical. There are some comic incidents in the piece, but there is too much of laborious effort to extract fun from satire on such subjects as School Boards, the Ballot, Poor Rates, and the Police Force. When Mr. Farnie wishes to be irresistibly funny, he invariably trots out the police, and it is wonderful that they have not long since been extinguished by his scathing satire. Considering that most of the comic effects he extracts from this subject have been anticipated in countless pantomimes, and that his favourite device of a review of the police by a comic sergeant rather forcibly recalls the scene between Dogberry and the Watch, it is to be hoped that he will mercifully let the police go free in future. We have made passing references to the literary defects of the libretto, for which we are unwilling to believe that Mr. Farnie is personally to blame, but we will not enter into detailed verbal criticism. Mr. Farnie, in his recent work, *The Black Prince*,

and in many previous productions, has proved himself capable of doing better things than he has achieved on this occasion; and we hope that in his next libretto he will do himself greater justice.

The artists all did their best. Miss Julia Matthews struggled bravely with a hopeless and occasionally repulsive part. Miss Kate Santley looked charming as 'Dick Whittington.' Miss Lennox Grey made the most of her small opportunities as 'Dorothy,' and Miss Grace Armytage was a competent 'Princess.' Mr. Terrott rendered good service as the 'Bellringer,' both in his solo and in the concerted music. Mr. Rouse did wonders with a wretched part, as 'Captain Bobstay.' Mr. Worboys, as the 'Chief Moonshi,' tried hard to get comic effect out of nothing; and Mr. C. Heywood was an excellent 'Fitzwarren.' The minor characters were well filled. The principal successes were made by Mr. Paulton, and the 'Cat.' Mr. Paulton's native drollery awakened frequent laughter, and Master Abrahams as the 'Cat,' secured continual and well deserved applause.

It is to be hoped that the management may reap the reward of the liberality which has been displayed in the "mounting" of the piece. The gorgeous "Barbaric Ballet" of the second act, with the graceful dancing of Mdles. Pitteri and Pertoldi, will probably prove attractive for a long time to come. And this is nearly all that can be said in favour of M. Offenbach's *Whittington*.

THE CONFESSION.

[THE subjoined, with the exception of what relates to the "wicked uncle's" lady love, is the legend on which the pantomime at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden is founded.]

Before my latest breath I yield I this confession make,
And still for mercy do rely ere death my spirit take.
Oh, may I pardon yet receive ere my foul soul be freed
Of that same wicked act of mine I wrought from bitter need.
Mine ancestors were doughty men, and giants of their day,
As shows this bed whereon in pain I here bemoaning lay;
But wilful was my early youth, and sore my parents tried.
My brother he was good and kind, whom I could not abide.
At Braintree long I lived alone, and none of kin were there,
But in my father's mansion dwelt this elder son at Ware.
Nought seemed to prosper to my wish. Still quarrels on my hands.
A savage bear my cattle slew, and ravaged all my lands.
My friends made me their gaming stock, and men of bad repute
By fraud and guile did more despoil than did that savage brute.
So all my goodly acres went and many a rood away,
Until my lands were mortgaged deep for these bad men at play.
The borough reeve and sheriff too came and my chattels seized,
So greedily were my creditors who would not be appeased;
And she I loved was in despair; and greet for very shame
My faithful leman true to me, though bearing not my name.
My serfs and vassals fled by night, but one would true remain,
My boyhood's page, who served me well, for love and not for gain.
And while I, in this woeborne strait, swift death did meditate,
There came alarm at midnight hour, and knocking at my gate.
"What evil now betides," quoth I, "at this untimely call?"
A messenger who fain would hasten me into Ware Hall.
"Come, come, your brother claims your love, for he is doomed to die.
So, though the snow doth fall amain, we'll through the forest hie,
Nor heed the bear that prowleth there—thy falchion be thy guard;
And for the risk you now do run good guerdon may reward."
Then will I win my brother's love, tho' long estranged we be;
He shall not say I him forgot in last extremity.
So through the midnight gloom we went, all floundering in the snow,
Altho' the forest pines were bent by wind near bleak Dunmow,
Till, as the early morn appeared, like blood the ruddy streaks.
I reached my brother's sad bedside, while tears bedewed our cheeks.
"Oh, brother, do we meet again? I thought I should have died
And seen thee not; for, lo, my wife lies dead here by my side.
Oh, be these children twain thine own when we're for ever gone."
Forsooth it was a tender sight to melt a heart of stone,
So young were they, so innocent, as passed his soul away
They knew not of their heavy loss; but with dead fingers play.
And I in earnest grief bent down these pretty babes to cheer,
When voices of pursuing creditors assailed mine ear.
And she who loved me deep and well was pining all forlorn.
Alas, my woes too heavy were by manhood to be borne,
So to the tempter's voice I list, and bid him go with speed
And lose these "babies" in the night, lest I repent the deed.
Then to the household he dictates, "They must no longer stay,
But till their parents' funeral they better had away."
Their faithful page would not them quit, so off start they from Ware,
Across the forest of Dunmow, to yield them to the bear.
My trusty squire on the road to leave them doth propose.
Their henchman, bold in their behalf to save them, fell to blows.
The frightened children fain would fly, but stumbled in the drift,
Their champion, he slew my man; and short he made his shrift.
The snow kept falling fast and deep; a shroud upon the plain,
The children wrapt in deadly sleep, so calleth he in vain.
So swift of foot he hasteth back, tho' loth them there to leave,
But soon returns with torchmen brave, who searching sorely grieve.
The forester of Fellstede was wakened with affright,
And prayed aloud for all who might be in the wood that night.
"Those moans portend some traveller hath fallen to the bear."
"Nay," quoth his little ailing child, "'tis music in the air.
And yonder o'er the fir trees, see! a thousand spirits rise."
"Oh! sleep again, my own, my child; oh! try to close thine eyes."
The night is past, the daylight dawns and thaws the glittering snow.
Oh! search about; oh! find them out; oh! whither could they go?
The rising sun their pall dissolves, and where the streamlets glide
These pretty babes, in death's embrace, are sleeping side by side!
'Tis said the bear that found them there was by their beauty charmed,
So that he fled and left them dead, unscathed, untorn, unharmed.
The busy robins clustering round with leaves bestrew their bed,
And their true mourners are become, who had so oft them fed.
The neighbours weep, the vassals grieve, the house is filled with dole,
Their goods are mine, hard creditors; but oh! my blacken'd soul;
They and their parents laid in earth, I to my leman hie.
She shall not wait; her love shall soon make evil bodings fly.
But this my crime had Heaven moved; and on her couch she lay
Alone, alone! as cold as stone: her soul had passed away.
Oh, breathe again! oh, breathe again! I hold her to my breast.
What have I done—my love, my own? No peace, no joy, no rest!
Oh, waken, waken! cold as clay I gaze upon her face.
Oh love, you honoured should have been; oh guilt! remorse! disgrace!
I fled my home, here, here, to come, where laid my brother's corpse,
And penance more would I endure to show my deep remorse.
The mourning winds, as spirit driven, hover around my bed—
Oh, let me die, though none may sigh, or pray for me when dead.

MISS AMY FAWSITT joins Mr. Hare's company at the Court.
MR. PALGRAVE SIMPSON has written a comedy for the Opéra Comique.

Ision Revue will be withdrawn from the bills of the Opéra Comique at the end of next week.

MDLLE. CAMILLE DUBOIS now sustains Miss Catherine Lewis's rôle in *Les Prés St. Gervais* at the Criterion.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. W. T. WRIGHTON.—The numerous friends of Mr. W. T. Wrighton, the author of so many popular songs, have commenced a subscription to present him with a testimonial, and an influential committee, including Lord Arthur Hill, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir W. Mitchell, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. Joseph Hatton, &c., have taken the matter in hand. Mr. Wrighton's compositions have gained for him a world-wide popularity, and have conveyed pleasure to all lovers of the genuine ballad, whether at home and abroad, wherever the English tongue is spoken.



SCENE FROM "LITTLE BO-PEEP," AT THE MARYLEBONE THEATRE.



SCENE FROM "CINDERELLA," AT THE HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.



SCENE FROM "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

DHF RISTON

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications. Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (POST-FREE), INLAND.

Yearly	£1 7 0
Half-yearly	14 0
Quarterly	7 0

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

"PRINCE CHARLIE'S subscription is full." Here is a pretty commentary on public favouritism, and the consistency of would-be Solons, who have so long declaimed against the deterioration of the thoroughbred, and now are the first to kootoo to the popular idol, and to forget their learned theories of hereditary unsoundness and perpetuated infirmities! Roaring has long been admitted to be one of the Turf's worst banes, and we need not conjure up visions of the Liddingtons, Chattanogas, Belladrams, and other splendid failures after a brilliant two-year-old career, to emphasise the argument against fostering such evil tendencies by using as sires the victims of that infirmity to which neither the flat-iron of Robinson nor the nostrums of an army of vets, can bring relief. We shall not be accused of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, in making these remarks. A full subscription will be reckoned an excellently conclusive answer to any croakings on our part; and "financial success" will be flung scornfully back in our teeth, when we refuse to admit by anticipation the qualifications of a horse on which the racing and breeding public seem to have gone temporarily mad. Blair Athol's ability to beget stayers of the first water still hangs in doubt; though he has still, in all probability, many years of grace before him to live down such reproach. But, when we come down a generation lower, and find his blood fused with that of Surplice (one of the saddest stud failures ever known), we are tempted to inquire by what process of reasoning his admirers arrive at the conclusion that Prince Charlie's services should command a fifty-guinea fee; while others of the "grampus" tribe are compelled, in default of patronage at home, to migrate to fairer fields of promise at the Cape, or to some happier clime, where the roarer finds relief at last. If roaring have such terrors for breeders as is commonly supposed, why should they make a juggernaut of Prince Charlie, and place their necks under his wheels to propitiate the deity they stand so much in dread of?

Astounded as we were to hear of the reported offer of ten thousand for the Prince by some Frenchman or Frenchmen unknown (being well aware how greatly soundness, both in wind and limb, weighs with foreigners)—we were still more surprised to learn its refusal. We were further frightened from our propriety by the news that he was to stand at Hampton Court (whose beauties have almost equal claims to antiquity with those of Sir Peter Lely in the neighbouring palace), and to hear of his fifty-guinea fee; but the "latest intelligence" of his subscription having filled, fairly surpassed our belief, until report ripened at length into certainty. That the Royal Stud, after so many years of dignified repose, and rejoicing in its usual complement of stallions, should have taken the splendid "grampus" to its bosom, seemed well nigh as improbable as the idea of Sir Wilfrid Lawson investing his money in a brewery, or of Mr. Bradlaugh putting down his name at the Lord Chamberlain's office for presentation at the next *levée*. It seemed as though the country was determined thoroughly to deserve its reputation for encouraging roaring sprinters; and we wonder greatly that the spirit of "Senex" has not been stirred up within him to launch forth one more philippic against equine degeneracy and decay. The names on the Prince's list for his first reception we shall study with no small amount of curiosity; and if he is receiving the general support of experienced breeders, we may conclude that all theories of breeding have received their final overthrow, and that men have returned to the old "happy-go-lucky" system at last. If he proves a success, roaring bids fair to come into as *exigeant* a fashion as indecent burlesque; and we shall hear of owners of mares listening, like Lord George, for the "throppling" sound; and Thomson and Croft in magnums, with a milk diet, will be the fashionable food for infantine grampuses, and sucking doves anxious for transformation into roaring lions.

The fair frail one's excuse of its being "such a little one," cannot hold good in the Prince's case. He is not only a roarer, but, so to speak, "a ripe and good one." There is no more doubt about it than there is concerning Billy Nicholl's voice or the report of a Woolwich infant. He could not be on Newmarket Heath "without your knowing it;" nor has it been attempted to be denied that it was constitutional in the strictest sense; for the failing with which an animal is born can hardly be otherwise described. It has been pleaded in extenuation of his infirmity that it has not grown with his growth, nor increased with his strength, that he could stay better than most roarers, and that neither sire nor dam were in any degree touched in the wind. Still, the awkward fact of his musical propensity remains, and it seems to be generally agreed that roaring,

from whatever cause developed, is identically the same in its effects upon the subjects of its visitation. And the real secret of Prince Charlie's invincibility over his own distance lies, we take it, in the fact that his immense reserve of power enabled him to canter while others were galloping, and that he was but rarely, if ever, fully extended. This theory receives a sort of confirmation from the remark so frequently heard, that he seemed never to be lying down to his work in a race, but striding along in an easy style, while his opponents were racing among themselves. This his enormous size and stride might enable him to accomplish more readily, and must be taken into account in any estimate of his extraordinary abilities. Roarers, if they have played important parts on the Turf, have not left much repute behind them as stud horses; and though some may console themselves by the somewhat unfounded assertion that "all stallions become roarers in time;" in laying such flattering unction to their souls they should recollect that this counterfeit infirmity proceeds from fairly referable causes, the principal among which we take to be want of strong exercise and consequent obesity.

The public seem to imagine that, because Prince Charlie is located at Hampton Court, he has therefore become Her Majesty's property; while some have been found to complain that a premium should be held out to unsoundness by the adoption of the "roarer" by a Royal Stud, which should set a different example to its more plebeian rivals. This very natural supposition, however, is entirely a delusion, the horse not being even leased by the managers of the Queen's *haras*, but standing there merely by their approval, and (we believe we are correct in stating) at the owner's sole risk and responsibility. Old Orlando became at last, we believe, Her Majesty's property, through the bequest of Mr. Greville; but St. Albans, Trumpeter, and Young Melbourne are as entirely the property of Lord Ailesbury, Mr. Harry Hill, and Mr. Payne as when they carried their colours and those of Lord Glasgow upon the Turf. In many respects this may be considered not only undesirable, but undignified policy; but after all the Royal Stud only claims to be a breeding establishment, like that of Lord Falmouth and half a score of others, who do not deem it expedient to run the many risks incurred by keeping one or more horses at the public service. Whatever Government may be in office, the conservative tendencies of the powers which preside over what should be the model stud farm of the country, cannot be denied; and the appearance of the "splendid grampus" among them must be hardly less surprising than would be the sight of the Premier walking down Parliament Street arm in arm with Sir C. Dilke, or the Pope and Mr. Gladstone taking sweet counsel and a hansom together, bound for Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle. We hear a great deal of talk about "new blood;" and truly Prince Charlie, if he does no further good, will be found a welcome gallant among those fossilised and antiquated matrons who have roamed so long in the walled paddocks or ruminated sedately under their elder-tree shades. And they will not hesitate long, we take it, in being off with the old loves, before they are on with the young Lochinvar who has come such a welcome surprise among them.

Sporting Intelligence.

THE New Year was not many hours in existence before a rapid thaw set in; and let us hope that for the rest of the season we may see no more of such wretched spoil-sport weather as we have been visited with during the last few weeks of 1874; a year, in which nothing very sensational occurred, but one which will always be memorable, for the extraordinary performances of French-bred horses in nearly all our jumping races; for the almost uninterrupted success of three-year-olds in the great handicaps; and for the unusual number of bad accidents, which befel both jockeys and horses on the flat.

At Cambridge, one of the first meetings, Nestor II., and Nélusko, gave us some idea of what we might expect from the foreigners; but we were scarcely prepared to see them carry off, in quick succession, most of our best prizes. At Rugby, Marc Antoine won the Grand Military Gold Cup and The Light Weight Grand Military; Lucellum cantered home, length in front of the only other two that passed the post, out of a dozen starters for the Grand National Hunt Steeple-chase, at Aylesbury; at Croydon, Montfort defeated the everlasting Silvermere, by a head, for the United Kingdom Grand Steeple-chase; at Bristol, the next week, Palm won the chief hurdle race; at Lincoln Malgré Tout took the same description of race; and the way Mr. J. M. Richardson sailed home on Reugny, for the Liverpool Grand National, will be talked of for some years to come; at the same meeting, the French bred Fashionable, got the British Hunt Steeple-chase, through the Buckingham mare, which came in first, having gone the wrong side of a post; on Saturday, in the same week, at Hoyalke, Ouragan II. and Calvados sustained the honour of "La Belle France;" Helder, during the season, frequently bore the Droxford cerise and blue to victory; Messenger carried off the Grand Hurdle Race, and the Surrey Grand Open Steeple-chase, at Croydon, in April. And the last important race, the Prince of Wales's Plate, at Cheltenham, was perhaps the most noteworthy of all; for Général started first favourite, but fell, and an exciting finish ended in a dead heat between Mustapha and Faliero, Derviche being third, the whole *quartette* having "(bred in France)" after their names in the "Calendar." It may be well asked, what then did the English horses win? Nothing much indeed! there were very few races left for them; and what there were, mostly went to Ireland; for, owing to an extraordinary chapter of accidents, a dozen out of the twenty runners coming to grief of one sort or other, old Scots Grey won the Bristol Royal Steeple-chase by a hundred lengths; and Clonave, at Croydon, cannot complain of his share of luck, when he won both the Grand National Hurdle Race, and the Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase, after running absolutely last in a hurdle race at Warwick, the previous week.

The Handicap victories of the three-year-olds are scarcely less extraordinary. At Lincoln, Tomahawk spreadeagled a gigantic field for the first handicap of the year; the Northamptonshire Stakes next fell to Gleneagle, and at the same meeting Quantock and Reverberation ran a dead heat, and Slumber was third, for the Spencer Plate; the first handicap at head-quarters went to Castle Wellan, there known as the colt by Artillery—Finesse; and Aldrich starting at 40 to 1, won the City and Suburban at Epsom; Orginist was victorious in the Chester Cup, and afterwards secured the Gold Vase at Ascot. The High Level Handicap at Epsom was appropriated by Mr. Merry by the aid of The Monk; Coventry, in the Ascot Stakes, added credit to his year; Lily

Agnes, among her numerous victories, can count the Northumberland Plate, besides being able to boast of having defeated Kaiser, Lillian, and The Scamp, at weight for age; Agglethorpe won the Cumberland Plate, and Chimes was also busy at that meeting, and afterwards at Liverpool, Newcastle, &c. The July Handicap at Newmarket fell to Eve, Caro and Vril being second and third, a head only dividing each of the three. Blantyre won the Liverpool Cup, by a short head, from another of his own age, Selsea Bill. At Goodwood there are very few handicaps, but Dalham, Kidbrooke, Berryfield, Castle Wellan, and The Scamp, were credited with one each; and the latter journeyed on to Brighton, where he won the Stakes; and Royalist, Eve, and Ingewood Ranger also took prizes; while at Lewes, much to the surprise of most people, except probably his lucky owner, Lemnos, landed the Lewes Grand Handicap by a head from the favourite, Manille. Travelling north to Stockton, fortune still favoured the youngsters, for the Tradesman's Plate and Stewards' Cup were carried off respectively by Sweet Violet and Princess Theresa; and at York, although Blantyre missed the Great Ebor, only getting second, La Jeunesse gave two years and ten pounds to Celibacy, and ran a dead heat with her, in front of fourteen others, for the Lonsdale Plate; and Belle of Scotland and Nella also gained brackets. At Doncaster, Dukedom and Genevieve each fought a victorious fight; while at the Western Meeting, and in other parts of Scotland, Servia won the Ayrshire Handicap, the Ayr Gold Cup, the Caledonian, and the Lothian Handicaps. Aurore, a mere pony, managed to get to the end of the Bretby Stakes Course before fourteen others for the Great Eastern Railway Handicap at the First October Meeting; Pageant, Old Fashion, and Dukedom, picked up a few crumbs in the Midland Counties; and as a fitting wind-up to a most glorious season for three-year-olds, the two great handicaps at head-quarters were won by them; Aventurière proved better than two dozen others in the Cesarewitch, while Peut-être defeated forty-one, the largest field, bar one, that ever ran for the Cambridgeshire. With such a lot of sound young horses in training in 1874, we may well look forward to splendid fields for our Queens' Plates and Cups in the season so soon about to commence. Which of them will prove the best is hard to say now, and were a choice to be made, I should not know what to do; but great things may be expected of Lily Agnes, Scamp, and one or two more.

The accident list is a very long one, and headed I regret much by the death of poor little Willie Clay, who sustained such injuries when Pucelle fell with him at Reading, that he never spoke again; he was a most promising, well-conducted lad, and his untimely death has been most deeply deplored by his employers, by many friends, as well as by his professional brethren, with all of whom he was a great favourite.

At the Epsom Spring Meeting, when running for the City and Suburban, Bugle March, Petition, and Bull's Eye fell, and the latter had to be shot on the spot; his jockey, Hopper, fortunately escaped with a shaking; not so, however, little Wycherly, who was riding Petition, and was most seriously hurt. At Chester, Fatigue broke her leg in the Mostyn Stakes, and Maidment had a narrow escape; and John Osborne and Bruckshaw both got croppers at the same meeting while riding Bras de Fer and Aragon in the Dee Stand Welter Cup, which compelled Bruckshaw to give up his mount on Implorer in the Cup, but he pluckily rode Aragon next day, and was rewarded by winning the Cestrian Handicap on him; but it is not probable that Johnny will again ride round the Rhooode, having had a nasty fall there once before. At the Summer Meeting at Epsom, the sister to Viridis, who was favourite for a Maiden Plate for two-year-olds, broke a leg just before reaching the stand; and Tom Cannon had a very near shave; Aquilo, without ever having gained a prize, dropped dead one morning at exercise, F. Archer who was riding her luckily escaped unhurt; Pilot broke down so badly at Ayr, that he was destroyed, and Chivelcoy most probably ended her racing career at the same place. At Warwick September Meeting, Pope Joan fractured her leg directly she had started; and a few minor accidents might be added, making very probably a more lengthy list than could be compiled of steeple-chase casualties.

Open weather again prevailing, hunting, steeple-chasing, and coursing will be resumed with fresh vigour; and before these lines are in print the Kingsbury Meeting will have been added to the list of races past, and the Metropolitan division will be looking forward to three days sport in Berkshire next week, when no doubt the Great Western special trains to Reading will be as dangerously crowded as ever. The various competitors, however, having been so long confined to walking and trotting about on their straw rides, it would be madness to attempt to pick even the probable starters, to say nothing of the winners; although should Disturbance be anything like fit, he must be well in the Berkshire Open Handicap with 12st 7lb, the race having only obtained nine acceptances out of nineteen subscribers. There are no other meetings during the present month, except a Hunt gathering at West Drayton; but on the first Tuesday in February the regular season will begin, and we shall go on without a single rest (for Holy week is not even respected now) until Christmas comes round again once more. The meetings are (taking all things into consideration) very well arranged, any inconvenient clashing being avoided, until the legitimate season commences, which it does this year a week earlier than usual, in consequence of the 25th of March falling in Passion week; but then we get into a dreadful difficulty. The first two days of Liverpool clash with the two last of Lincoln, and on the same days our Irish friends intend to celebrate St. Patrick's Day with a grand Metropolitan gathering at Baldoyle; after which, except on the occasions of the great festivals at Chester, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, &c., which somehow or other still manage to drive all opposition away, the greatest confusion and hurrying to and fro will prevail.

Hunting news as yet there is none, although I have read of a run with Mr. Tailby's hounds when there was more than half a foot of snow upon the ground; and I suppose what I read is true, but I should imagine fox-hunting under such difficulties cannot be a very joyous pastime, while it must be dreadfully dangerous to the necks of the bipeds, as well as most pernicious to the feet of the quadrupeds, that join in the chase.

A strange story comes from Ireland, which I had heard before writing my last, but did not like to refer to it as the case was still *sub judice*. On St. Stephen's day it appears the good citizens of Cork determined to have a day's sport of a somewhat mixed character on their celebrated race-course, the programme being made up of a Corinthian race on the flat; a Drag Hunt, with veritable hounds, red herring, &c., over the Steeple-Chase Course; a pony race; and a steeple-chase, on foot, for the Cork Amateur Athletic Club. The Munster Drag Hunt was of course the *pièce de résistance*, and the sports would have passed off to everybody's satisfaction, had not two of the riders so far forgotten themselves as to flagellate each other, instead of their horses; and, unmindful of the rule that they had to ride back to the proper place of weighing, dismount and treat the astonished spectators to a sort of prize fight on a small scale; which latter part of the spectacle not being contained in the correct cards, the offenders, "Mr. Appleton" and Mr. Ashe, were ordered to appear before the Stewards, who most considerately were of opinion that "Mr. Appleton" (who appears to have been the cause of the fracas) had

not practised any intentional foul-riding, but they suggested he should not do it again; they also suspended Mr. Ashe from riding on their Race-course any more before next June; and ordered both delinquents to pay £10 for dismounting before riding back to weigh in. "Mr. Appleton" is the *nom de course* of a large owner of steeple-chase horses in Ireland, and his opponent in the fistic ring is a Veterinary Surgeon at Cork.

At Tattersall's, on Monday, there was a large attendance, but the attraction was in the sale yard, and not in the subscription room; for in the latter place it is recorded that not a single bet was laid, and members wiled away a dull hour or two by wishing each other the compliments of the season. In the yard, however, were gathered round the old familiar fox, considerable crowds, attracted there by the announcement of the sale of the horses in training, &c., of Mr. T. Stevens, jun., in consequence of his ostracism from the Turf; and the prices realized were good. Cranbourne and Buffon, at 500 guineas and 300 guineas respectively, were bought by Mr. Croker, and will probably figure among the entries at the next great meeting at Punchestown, if they can be induced to negotiate the Irish obstacles in time. St. Patrick, who has caused more trouble at the post than any horse in training, must have been well sold at 350 guineas, for it is always odds against his starting at all; but his own brother went back to his old quarters, being bought by Mr. T. Stevens, sen., cheap enough at 75 guineas, although he also has a decided disinclination to face the flag. After the Chilton horses were disposed of, half a dozen, the joint property of two young sporting baronets, were put up, to dissolve a partnership; when Tangible was knocked down to Mr. Christophers, who bought him on commission, for 1,500 guineas; and Berryfield, (they had each carried the straw and skyblue eight times successfully last season), goes to Mr. Cockin's stable for about a third the sum.

A tolerably correct idea of the market on future events may be gleaned, when it is recorded that, still 20 to 1 is offered against anybody for the Waterloo Cup; and although it is said that 5 to 1 has been taken two or three times about Camballo for the Two Thousand, and 6 to 1, to a trifle, about Galopin for the Derby, I cannot vouch for the facts; I only have myself heard an offer to take 800 to 100 about Holy Friar; but the highest offer was 1,000 to 150; and so no business was done.

The official organ will not be published before my copy has been called for; so until next week we must leave our inspection of the entries for the great races which closed on Tuesday last.

The Lambskin case, to which I referred last week, having been placed before Admiral Rous, I am glad to see that he has interpreted in the same way that I did. He says:—"If the knowing gentlemen who had discovered the nuggets had taken the trouble to inform the trainer or jockey (in the absence of the owner) of the state of the case, they would have bagged the money; but a blot is not a blot till it is hit."

SALE OF HORSES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL

AT ALBERT GATE, ON MONDAY, JANUARY 4.

THE PROPERTY, OR PART PROPERTY, OF MR. T. STEVENS, JUN.	Gs.
CRANBOURNE, b h, 6 yrs, by Cranbury out of Constance, by Collingwood	500
HARROFT, 5 yrs, by King of Trumps out of Passion Flower	
HIS LORDSHIP, b h, 5 yrs, by Lord Clifden out of the Arrow, by Slane	50
GAMMON, ch g, 5 yrs, by Blarney, dam by Burgundy; a maiden	320
ST. PATRICK, b c, 4 yrs, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter, by Fisherman	85
DOUBLOX, b g, 4 yrs, by Grimston out of Hopper, by Mildew-Hopline, by Sir Hercules. (Sold with the contingency that the purchaser gives £25 to the late owner the first race he wins)	350
BUFFON, 4 yrs, by Beauvais out of Duplicity	200
BURGHLEY, b c, 4 yrs, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Ethelinda, by Wild Dayrell	300
PATRICK, b c, 3 yrs, by Knight of St. Patrick out of Fisherman's Daughter, by Fisherman	90
JACK O' LANTERN, b c, 3 yrs, by Voltigeur out of Phoebe, by Touchstone	75
WORMSLY, ch c, 3 yrs, by Chevalier d'Industrie out of Lily, by Colsterdale	86
ALSO, TO DISSOLVE A PARTNERSHIP.	
SIMPSON, b h, 8 yrs, by Master George (son of Papageno) out of Maggiore, by Lecompte, out of Evergreen, by Glencoe, Mr. Ducker	210
TANGIBLE, ch h, 5 yrs, by Blair Athol out of Touch-me-Not, by Touchstone; no engagements	1500
BERRYFIELD, b h, 4 yrs, by Thunderbolt out of Francesca, by Westminster; no engagements	510
THE NAUTCH GIRL, b f, 3 yrs, by Blair Athol out of Esther, by Touchstone; four engagements	70
LIBERTINE, ch c, 3 yrs, by Saunterer out of Bess Lyon, by Longbow; three engagements	100
CARNATION, ch c, 3 yrs, by Breadalbane out of Gertrude, by Hantboy; four engagements	350
THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.	
RUBY, ch m, 5 yrs, by Nutbourne, dam by Westminster out of Irish Queen, by Harkaway; covered by Costa	37
LUCERNE, br m, 5 yrs, by Claret out of Kapunda	80
PLANTAGENET, b g, 4 yrs, by Broomielaw out of Melia	105

TIPPERARY SPRING STEEPLE-CHASES.—This meeting is fixed to be held under the Irish Grand National Hunt Rules on Tuesday, February 16. The programme consists of a Two Miles Weight for Age Race, the Brookville Handicap of two and a half miles, a Two Miles Selling Plate, and a Red Coat Hunt Race of two and a half miles, and entries for all these races must be made on or before Tuesday, January 26.

DEATH OF ST. RONAN.—The *Irish Sportsman* announces the death of this son of St. Albans and Elspeth. St. Ronan, it will be remembered, ran third to the dead-heaters, Moslem and Formosa, for the Two Thousand Guineas, and fourth to Blue Gown, King Alfred, and Speculum for the Derby of 1868. He had been some time at the stud, but was brought out recently, quite unfit to run, for a steeple-chase at Ballyheigue, County Kerry, a stroke of policy which no doubt was the immediate cause of his death.

LINCOLN SPRING.—In calling attention to the advertisement of the Lincoln Spring Meeting, which will be found in another page, we regret that such an important fixture should clash with one equally important, the meeting at Liverpool. It will be remembered that, under the old régime, ere the law was enacted prohibiting racing before the end of March, Lincoln led the way; since the establishment of "a close time," however, there has been a conflict between the two fixtures, to the great regret of all lovers of first-class sport. Mr. Ford would gladly have given up his third day if the Liverpool management would have moved forward a day, but that they declined to do. It seems a great pity that they did not see the way to maintaining the arrangement which the late Mr. Topham made with Mr. Ford, an arrangement which at any rate allowed those racing men who were "gluttons for work" to "assist" both at Carlholme and Aintree. As it is, the clans must be divided, and the race-fund must suffer at both places. The Lincoln programme speaks for itself, and we have only to add that although the committee have been rather severely handicapped by having had to pay so heavily over the unfortunate accident which occurred last spring, they are more than ever determined to spare neither pains nor expense to produce a card equal in every essential to the most memorable of years gone by.

Billiards.

ONE of the most remarkable exhibition games ever played, took place last week, between T. Taylor and S. W. Stanley. The former soon got away with two consecutive breaks of 171 (63) and 198 (63). It was then Stanley's turn, and contributions of 152 (42) and 162 (52) made him 596 against 576. Immediately after the interval Taylor again took the lead with 136 (44), but this was the last important addition to his score, as from 603 Stanley ran right out, and, continuing his break, at the general wish of the company, made a magnificent break of 482 (23 and 125). We may mention that this table, as well as the one on which Stanley made 579, to which we alluded last week, was a new one by Cox and Yeman, and the pockets of neither were of more than the average match size. On the following evening Taylor conceded H. Pearce a start of 500 in 1000, and, making breaks of 124 (40) and 203 (46), won very easily. The champion and F. Shorter met again on Monday last, the former once more conceding 400 points in 1000, though it will be remembered that Shorter won easily when they last met on these terms. This time, however, the tables were turned, as the younger player seemed out of form, and Cook had an easy task, making runs of 134 and 155 (45), though the table was by means a good one. D. Richards and H. Stenning played 500 up, and the best of five games of pyramids on Tuesday evening, the former giving 100 points and two balls respectively. Stenning seemed out of play, and could do nothing against his opponent, who was in rare form. The figures in brackets denotes the number of consecutive spot-strokes. Appended is a list of fixtures:—

JANUARY.

- 12—M. A. Izar and an Amateur, Salford, Manchester.
14—F. Shorter and A. Hughes, 1000 up even, Inman's Restaurant, Oxford Street, 7.30.
14—H. Pearce and R. Burrage, 1000 up, the latter with 300 points, St. George's Tavern, Port Road, Bermondsey.
15—T. Taylor and L. Kilkenny, 1000 up, the latter with 100 start, Gloucester Hotel, Oxford Street, W.
19—F. Shorter and D. Richards, 1000 up, Crown Hotel, Rupert Street.

Athletic Sports.

ON Wednesday evening the annual general meeting of the London Athletic Club took place at the Westminster Palace Hotel. There was only a small attendance of members; but among those present we noticed W. Slade, C. H. Mason, H. W. Hill, Sydenham Dixon, F. T. Elborough, H. A. Bryden, R. C. Brown, A. Pollock, P. J. Burt, J. Y. Watson, &c. The honorary treasurer, James Waddell, was voted into the chair, and after the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, the honorary secretary proceeded to read the report, and the treasurer the balance-sheet for 1874. The following are extracts from the report:—"As the Club began the year with a balance in hand, the Committee have not exercised such economy as had been necessary in former years, at the same time the additional expenditure the Committee thought fit to authorise they have great satisfaction in stating has resulted in a large increase to the income this year, which has enabled us to carry forward a balance of £155 0s. 5d. to the good of the Club, being by far the largest balance ever yet obtained, a result which we are sure the members will think highly satisfactory."

"The Committee are pleased to see that the attendance of visitors at our sports, as well as the number of entries, have so largely increased. A band for each meeting was again engaged. The band of the 1st Life Guards attended the Second Spring, Autumn and Winter Meetings."

"The Club numbered, according to last year's report, 256 members. Since the issuing of that report, ninety gentlemen have been elected, being the largest number that have ever been elected in any one year—amongst them several first-class athletes, from amongst whom we look for a few new representatives of the Club at the next Champion Meeting. After taking into consideration the resignations of the year, the books show a total of 316. This is an increase of 60 members on the year."

"Five meetings have been held during the year at Lillie Bridge for Sports. The entries numbered 925, made up as follows:—from our own members, 604, from strangers, 321, as against 555 last year, being 358 from members, and 197 from strangers. Seventy-six prizes have been given, thirty-five of which were open to strangers."

"At the Champion Meeting of the Amateur Athletic Club our members were again successful, obtaining five first places and four second. Mr. W. Slade won the One Mile and Four Miles, Mr. E. J. Davies, the 100 Yards and Wide Jump, and Mr. G. A. Templer, the 440 Yards."

"The Sixth Annual Assault of Arms, held at St. James's Hall, 26th November, passed off with great success. The profit realised amounted to £80 2s. 6d."

"The Committee cannot conclude this report without saying that, in their opinion, the Club has never before experienced so successful a year, the excellent sport, combined with most favourable weather at all our meetings, brought together large attendances of visitors, and they consider that the Club, for the last few years, has been gradually gaining ground in popularity, and may now be considered in a sound and highly satisfactory condition."

It was then proposed by W. G. Butler, and seconded by P. M. Evans, that the report be adopted, and it is unnecessary to say that this was carried unanimously. R. H. Nunn then proposed that the officers of the Club be re-elected in a body for the ensuing year; the motion was seconded by P. J. Burt, and carried nem. con. The Earl of Jersey is President; W. M. Chinnery and J. B. Martin, Vice-Presidents; James Waddell, Treasurer, and William Waddell, Honorary Secretary. The election of the Committee for 1875 was then proceeded with. With the exception of J. A. Harwood, who resigned, the twelve members of the late Committee offered to serve again. R. V. Somers-Smith and G. R. Saunders were not, however, re-elected, the three places thus left vacant being filled by H. A. Bryden, P. J. Burt, and P. M. Evans; and the full complement of twelve was made up by J. Buchanan, J. H. A. Reay, C. J. Michod, R. H. Nunn, G. P. Rogers, W. Slade, C. H. Mason, E. E. Tolley, and A. Pollock. The meeting then dissolved.

The balance-sheet and the report of the year must have exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine members. Never, indeed, has the Club been in so flourishing a condition in every way, and there seems a slight chance that, by the end of next season, the members may be installed in a ground of their own, which is the one thing wanting to place the London Athletic Club immeasurably in advance of all its rivals. There is no disguising the fact that this happy state of affairs is in a great degree due to the increasing exertions of the Messrs. Waddell, to whom all the members are deeply indebted.

THE OLD PALACE HOUSE AT NEWMARKET.—This establishment, for so many years occupied by the late James Godding, is leased for a term of fourteen years by Sir Anthony Rothschild. Great alterations are to be made, and Sir Anthony will use the palace during the race meetings as a residence.

HAULING THE NETS.

MR. J. W. M'INTYRE, whose clever studies of the rugged scenery of the North East coast of England cannot have escaped the notice of visitors to the various exhibitions, spent his late autumn and early winter holiday amongst the herring fisheries of Scotland. The drawing which we give on another page is one of the results of his sojourn. Although we do not recognise the artist amongst the haulers-in of the net, we may be assured, bitter morning though it be, that he is there. It is matter of local history that Mr. M'Intyre—whose pluck in the pursuit of materials for his art is proverbial—was out in a herring-smack in one of the most severe gales ever experienced on the Scotch coast, and was with many a sturdy fisherman given up for lost.

FAVONIUS.—The subscription to the Derby winner of 1871 is full. The colt (2 yrs.) by Lynington out of Magdala has been named Joseph.

THE GHOST.—This colt is still in Blanton's stable, at Newmarket.

THE filly (3 yrs.) by Bertie out of Audrey has been named Snowdrift.

WEST OF ENGLAND STUD.—Mr. F. Martin, late of Rawcliffe, has been appointed manager of this stud.

MACARONI.—The subscription to this horse, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby in 1863, is full.

WESTMEATH (IRELAND) STEEPLE-CHASES are announced to take place on Monday and Tuesday, April 19 and 20.

OWTON has left Jacob Watson's stable and joined the Belleisle team, trained by James Watson.

GARTHERLY BELL and Dreadnought are said to exhibit a most marked improvement.

CLAREMONT.—Backers of Capt. Macchell's Two Thousand and Derby candidate will be glad to know that the colt is going on remarkably well.

WARRIOR.—This stallion, the grey son of King Tom and Wood Nymph, is announced for sale at Messrs. Tattersall's on Monday next, January 11.

THE colt (2 yrs.) by Blair Athol out of Gardevisure had to be destroyed at Ilsey the other day, having met with an accident and severely injured his back.

THE Duke of Rutland, according to accounts received from Belvoir Castle, was progressing towards convalescence, though Mr. Teevan still remains in attendance.

HORSE CHESNUT.—Joseph Dawson has been paying great attention to this Derby candidate, who has improved considerably, despite the recent unfavourable weather.

ENOCH, Lord Zetland's trainer, arrived at Richmond on Friday last, but up to Monday afternoon he had not commenced operations with any of his lordship's horses.

SIR LIONEL (aged), by Wild Dayrell, dam by Ninus, has arrived at Mr. Walker's stables at Kingsclere, to be trained for future engagements. Several horses from France are expected to arrive shortly.

THE filly (2 yrs.) by Blair Athol out of Chiffonière, bred at Cobham, and disposed of at the annual sale there last year to Mr. Gordon for 300 guineas, died a few days ago at Mr. Matthew Dawson's at Newmarket.

THE GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS.—These stallions are announced to be let by auction at Messrs. Tattersall's on Monday next. Amongst them are General Peel, Brother to Rapid Rhone, Locksley, Outfit, Cleveland, &c.

WAR CRY (5 yrs), by Trumpeter out of Crytheia, trained by Mr. F. Lynham, has been matched to run half a mile, weight for age, against Mr. G. Rous's two-year-old filly by Macaroni out of Spring Blossom, at the ensuing Croydon Spring Meeting.

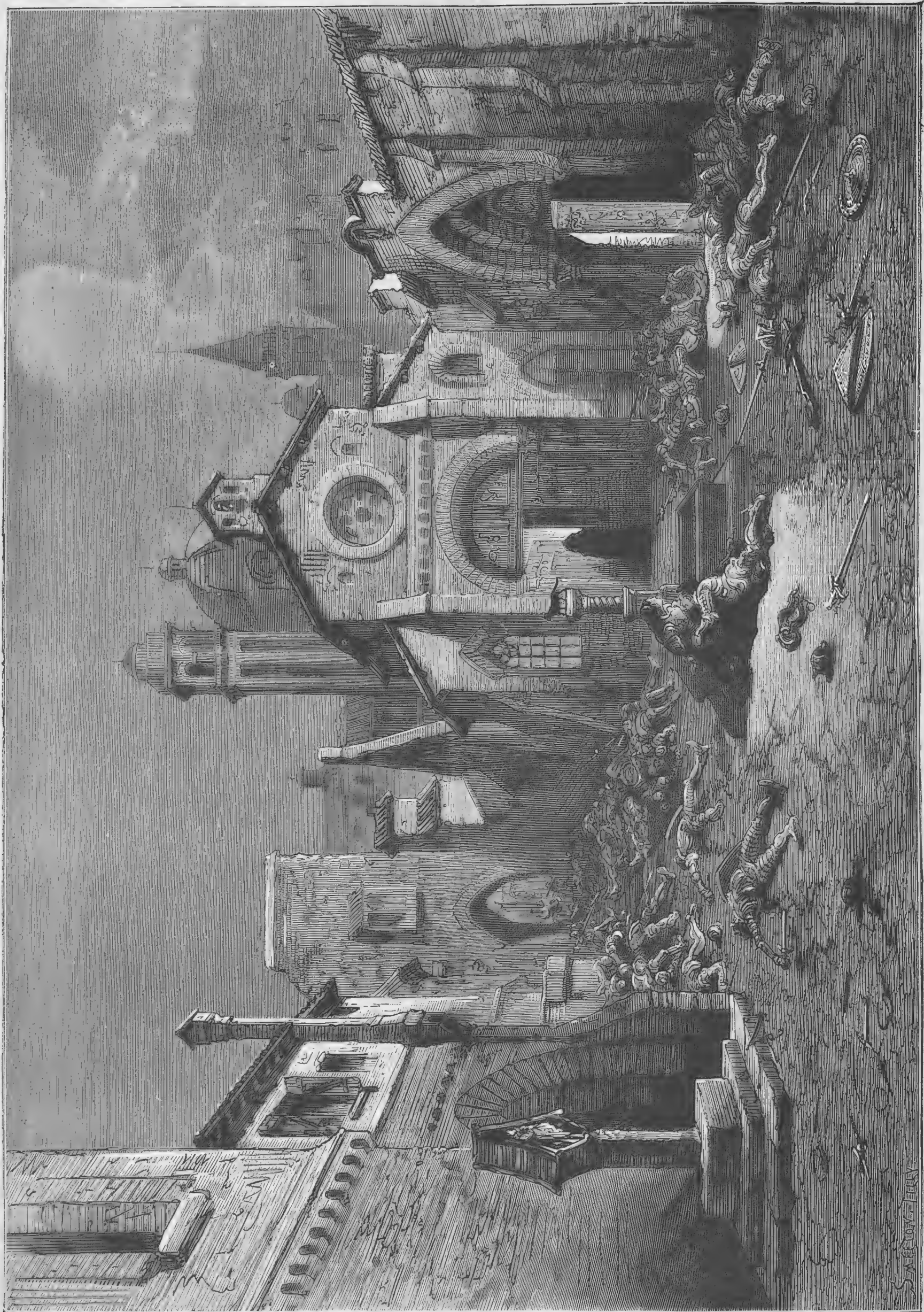
KANGAROO AND EMBLEMATICAL.—We understand that the members of the Grand National Hunt Committee who first heard the objection to, and disqualified Kangaroo for the Hunters' Race at Gloucester, have unanimously refused to open the case.

QUEEN OF THE CHASE, Tintern, and Quantock were sold some weeks ago by Mr. Pigott to Mr. Padwick. The latter gentleman resold the three for £800 to Peter Price, the trainer, who in turn has disposed of Queen of the Chase to the Stud Company at Cobham. The price of the mare has not transpired.

GRAND NATIONAL HUNT COMMITTEE.—A meeting of this Committee will be held at noon on Saturday the 9th instant, when, in addition to a ballot, "the conditions of the five races at Sandown Park, which are under the management of the Committee, will be submitted to the meeting."

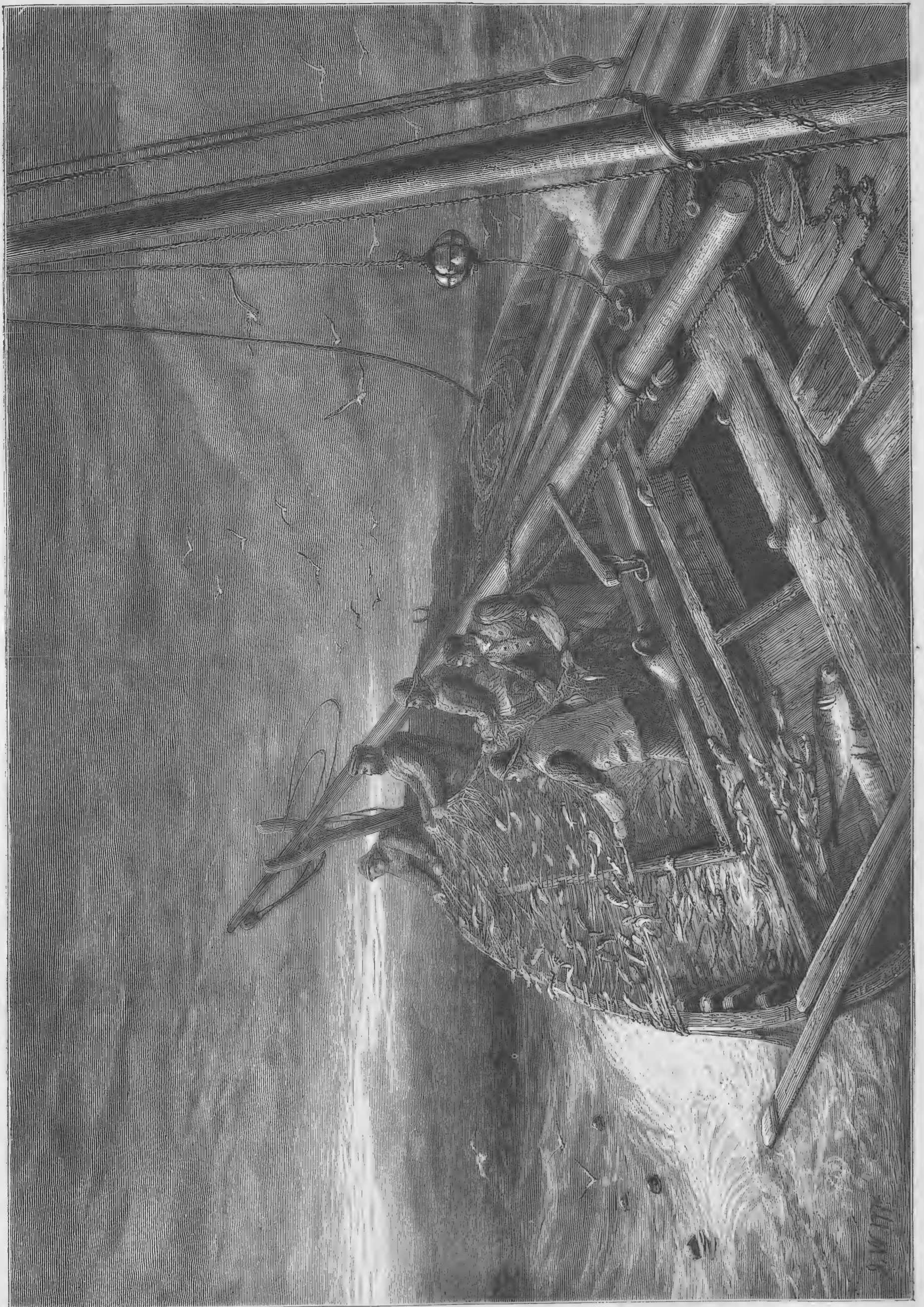
DEATH OF ROBERT BUSH.—Many of our readers will share our regret in having to announce the death of this well-known Surrey cricketer. He had long been ill of consumption, and his death, therefore, was not unexpected. Three or four years ago he was compelled through bad health to resign his position as cricket tutor at Charterhouse School, and since that time he had gained many friends in the turf world. He was a genial companion, an open-handed, warm-hearted friend, and was a favourite wherever he was known. Amongst the jockeys he was much liked, and in conjunction with the late John Lillywhite umpired all the Press v. Jockey matches. Deceased, who was a fair all-round player, and figured in his county matches a few times, was, we believe, first engaged at Edinburgh as tutor to the Grange Club; and subsequently in a similar capacity at Charterhouse School, where for several years he discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his employers. Many old Carthusians will learn of his decease with regret, and their grief will not be lessened by the fact that he leaves a widow and two children unprovided for. He died at his residence, 19, Cook's-road, Kennington Park, on Christmas-eve, and was interred at Tooting Cemetery on the following Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a large number of friends. The service was read by the Rev. Mr. Bray, an old pupil of Westminster, who often formed one of the opposition at cricket to the team from the Charterhouse. He was born in Lambeth in 1838, and was therefore in his 37th year.

THE LAMBSKIN CASE.—In regard to this important case, which has led to so much difference of opinion, the following letter has appeared from Admiral Rous to the editor of *The Sportsman*:—"Sir,—As no objection was made to Lambskin until after the conclusion of the meeting, he legally won the race, and of course the bets; but if the objection had been made in due time the horse would have been disqualified for having run at a meeting not under Newmarket Rules. If the knowing gentlemen who had discovered the nuggets had taken the trouble to inform the trainer or jockey (in the absence of the owner) of the state of the case, they would have bagged the money; but a blot is not a blot till it is hit. The 70th Rule of Racing prescribes a statute of limitations with respect to the time of making objections. Complaints of foul riding or not running the proper course, or other irregularities, must be made within a quarter of an hour after the horses are weighed; and no complaint, save and except charges of fraudulent entry, especially those made by defaulters, or by naming horses in default, or of running horses under a false description, can be subsequently investigated. I must add my testimony to the fact that, acting as steward for Lord Fitzwilliam, and hearing the betting which took place after the race, I went to the weighing stand to inquire if there was any objection, and I then informed the ring that no objection had been made.—I am, your obedient servant, H. J. Rous.—January 5.



SCENE FROM VICTORIEN SARDOU'S PLAY OF "LA HAINE."

S. J. L. L. L.



HAULING IN THE HERRING NETS.

Our Capricious Critic.

WHEN a man has succeeded in placing himself prominently before the British Public, a curiosity at once natural and commendable is evinced by that public to know something more of his history than can be gleaned in the course of ordinary conversation. Our biographical lore is indeed lamentably wanting in information concerning contemporary celebrities, and even "Men of the Time" must be regarded by those with a thirst for information as being a meagre and unsatisfactory compendium. No one who visits the Surrey Theatre can fail to be impressed by the fact that Mr. William Holland holds a large and undisputed place in the affections of his supporters. At most establishments the manager is a person who seems to keep out of the way of his audiences. Between him and them there exists no kindly sentiment. Reciprocity of feeling between an individual and a mob may indeed at first sight seem impossible. It has, however, been established on the other side of the water, and a pantomime at the Surrey without the appearance of the caterer before the footlights some five or six times would be pronounced a failure by an intelligent pit and gallery—if indeed it would not be mercilessly hissed off the stage. It has appeared to me—it has very likely appeared to others—that, occupying as he does so prominent a place in the theatrical world, Mr. Holland is essentially one of those characters concerning whom some biographical details should be accumulated and placed before the world in a taking form. In the limited space allotted to me in this paper it will be impossible to attempt anything more than a mere sketch of a work which I hope to place before the public at some future time on the same scale as Boswell's Johnson. Meanwhile I am assured that the publication of such details as I have at a considerable expenditure of time and labour brought together will be hailed with avidity not only by those connected with the theatrical profession throughout the world, but by all those who are in any degree interested in the history of our times and the progress of the human race.

The Hollands came into England with William the Dutchman. The first act of the Hollands, who arrived with that genial but efficient sovereign, was to drop the final s. They have been engaged in similar public-spirited pursuits ever since. The early history of the family is one of singular interest. The celebrated Hollandini of the thirteenth century, who piped for several Roman pontiffs, was a connexion of the race. And several distinguished Hollands have been mixed up with the early history of Geneva. It is, however, to be questioned whether any member of the family has accomplished quite so much for the welfare and entertainment of the race, as the gentleman at present representing the illustrious house.

William Holland first saw the light on the 15th of January, in the Year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven. He was born in the Old Manor House at Tulse Hill. His father was the well-known Alderman, and little Willie (as he was lovingly designated) was the youngest and the pet child of a large and interesting family. Owing to the advance of what is poetically termed civilisation, the old Manor House has gone by the board. Not one stone of the edifice now stands upon another to indicate the spot upon which the Caterer was born. It must be born in mind that even in the year 1827 people still clung fondly to old superstitions. Oracles were consulted surreptitiously and omens largely but secretly regarded. A remarkable thunder-storm, followed by a strange appearance in the heavens, not unlike a transformation scene, marked the 15th of January of the year in question. The general public was at a loss to account for the phenomenon. But the immediate friends of the Holland circle read the sign as predicting the phenomenal but brilliant career for the infant just born. How far events have justified the celestial indication and the interpretation put upon it, I leave my readers to decide. A reference to the printed broadsheets of the period will attest the accuracy of my facts. The word "prodigy" is so frequently and indiscriminately used nowadays by over-fond biographers in describing the early days of the subjects of their adulations, that it has lost to a considerable extent its true meaning. When I use it in the case of the infant Holland, I wish it to be taken literally. He was a prodigy. He cut all his teeth without any assistance; and at the age of eighteen months engaged in a hand to hand encounter with his nurse, which resulted in the utter discomfort of that valuable but too daring domestic. At the age of two he was able to beat his father, the Alderman, at cribbage—a game of which he is passionately fond. Indeed, when at this immature age, he had a difference with his parent about some point in this highly scientific amusement that resulted in a life-long estrangement—the greatest judges of the period giving their opinions in favour of the baby. It was a blow from which the Alderman never recovered. Everybody predicted great things for the precocious child. And every month he gave fresh indications of the power that was latent in him, only waiting for the opportunity necessary for its outcome.



I am obliged most unwillingly to pass over the boyhood and young-manhood of my hero. From the age of twenty-one he devoted himself to the cultivation of his moustache, and the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. How admirably he has succeeded in both respects is a matter of common notoriety. A foul, damp, and unwholesome marsh, where not

even rats congregated, and where every wind that blew from the Thames suggested suicide, he has converted into a garden of Eden, where a great round of amusements may be had for a single sixpence, and where the "Shilling Teas" beat anything ever contemplated by the human intellect. At an early period his mind seems to have been full of this thought:—Ambition is a very blessed stimulus to life, but the lower classes and vast portions of the middle classes are so situated by Providence that ambition becomes an impossibility. They have nothing to look forward to. No luring goal to reach. No noble action to perform. To supply for these unfortunate but deserving sections of the community the necessary spur, has been the life-work of the People's Caterer. The competitive principle has been worked by him to the utmost, and the palm has been awarded to him who invited it. The very postman has become a competitor for honours, and has striven with all the ardour of a veteran brought up under the belief that a field marshal's baton reposed in his knapsack. Barmaids have been taught that there is something in the world to live for other than a continual drawing of liquors malt and otherwise. They have contested hotly for the position of the most beautiful and the most useful—positions awarded with great deliberation by a representative body of the great English nation. Space would fail me to record a tithe of the contests established by Mr. Holland for the sole purpose of discovering and stimulating in the too sluggish Briton that ambition without which he is little better than the beasts that perish. The history of North Woolwich has yet to be written. When that work is given to the reader, its brightest page will be that which records the establishment of the Gardens.

But the subject of these few adulatory remarks is not one to confine his operations to a single field. Feeling that he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities which are calculated to command success in the theatrical profession, Mr. Holland one day blossomed into a manager. The manner in which the caterer has managed the Surrey Theatre is beyond all praise. The pantomime last year was the talk of all London, and this year the work produced is in many important respects superior to its predecessor.

Without then devoting any more attention to the man to whom the county of Surrey is indebted for the spectacle, I wish to say a word or two about the production itself. It is entitled *The Forty Thieves and the Court Barber*. I must candidly confess that until an occult meaning was discovered to me in the last part of the title, I did not suspect that any such existed. It only shows how very dull are some of us who are habitually given to considering themselves very sharp. "Court Barber" not "Alley Barber," Ali Baba. Do you see? I confess that it required some study on my part to comprehend the nicety of the wit. But when once I did fully understand it, the ingenuity of the thing quite took my breath away. The author of the story has very properly stuck more closely to the original than is the custom of writers of libretto. And as to inaccuracies in the placing the pantomime upon the stage—this is not a season of the year in which to be hypercritical. Besides, supposed inaccuracies very frequently exist only in the diseased mind of the critic, and are easily disposed of by a common-sense reply. For example, some immensely clever person pointed out to manager Holland that he had placed upon the boards an excessive number of thieves. The legend speaks of forty only, whereas the stage exhibited no less than forty-seven. "How do you account for the extra ones?" asked the immensely clever person. "Why, they're receivers of course," was the managerial retort. The wonderful readiness which marked the infantile career of the manager, characterises the prime of his manhood.

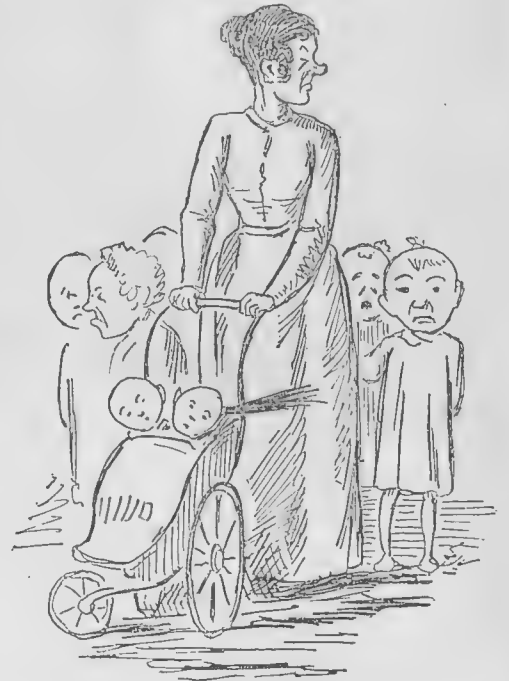
But in good sooth there is little in the work which gives even to the hypercritical anything like fair ground for grumbling. Upon the back of Mr. W. H. Payne, and upon the back of his donkey, falls a great deal of the burden of the pantomime. To see that agile and humorous gentleman going through his business, and meeting with becoming fortitude the various changes of fortune, no one would imagine, that the veteran performer has been acting in pantomime for fifty years. Even the presence of his children (who are quite grown-up lads now) cannot destroy the appearance of juvenility. They enter into the business with super-filial ardour. But they can never for an instant eclipse the paternal efforts. And really I don't believe they would even if they could.



A Payneful Situation.

The dressing of the ballets is excellent. The designs are tasteful and artistic, and the materials good and costly. The young ladies wearing them appear to be in tip-top spirits, and evidently regard the labour rather in the light of a recreation than otherwise. In one of the ballets the tender-hearted observer could not but observe an instance of the manager's philanthropy. Not only has he engaged ballet-girls to illustrate the effect—but he has given engagements to these small children. Such very small children too are they, that glove-fingers would be of sufficient dimensions to supply them with tights. A second ballet gives M. Espinosa an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of colouring and grouping. Some of the effects are what artists would term very daring. The result is what all would unhesitatingly describe as extremely picturesque. It was

fine to catch sight of little Mr. Espinosa standing in front of the prompter—mounted on a tall stool and with a wand directing the evolutions of his beautiful forces. It must be great fun to be a Cormack or an Espinosa.



"Serves me right, good job too."

Miss Nelly Moon does the leading business this year, and is admirably assisted by the Payne's (who are after all the attraction), and by Messrs. Fair and Nicholls. I regret to announce that Mr. Holland has given up his first-rate practice of addressing the audience from behind the footlights. I so admire all William's gifts that it grieves me to see him allow any one of them to grow rusty. And if ever there was a popular orator, William is the man. By the way, when you go to the Surrey pantomime go in time for the overture (which is excellent) and note Mr. Lawson's cornet solo.



A Ballet God.

I attended a melancholy sort of New Year's Entertainment today. It was given by a number of kind-hearted and long-pursed people to the poor little sufferers at the Infirmary for Children in the Waterloo Road. The performance was given in the principal ward. And from the beds on each side those who still retained some interest in things mundane watched the wonderful tricks of Professor Field, the conjuror, and the magic lantern show of Mr. Gould. The tiny sufferers had a good tea with a profusion of sweet refreshments, and there were Christmas trees laden with presents that eventually were distributed. Everybody was good to the invalids—poor pallid things—one giving the tea, another the trees, and Mr. Rimmel, of the Strand, fountains of scented liquids. Mr. Roberts managed everything, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs presided at the piano. Some distinguished individuals were present. But I felt out of place. Once or twice—I don't mind admitting it a bit—I felt a rising in my throat unfamiliar to me and disagreeable. To speak honestly I further believe that my eyelid was conscious of a tear. But it is a good work. God bless the people who are responsible for it,—and the poor children—God bless them.

GREAT HORSE SHOW IN RUSSIA.—The Commissioners of the Russian Imperial Studs have issued a circular announcing the prizes and conditions of a fourth exhibition of Russian-bred stallions and mares, to be held this year in Moscow, from the 11th to the 16th of September. The prizes to be given amount in the aggregate to 20,000 roubles, or about £3,000 in English money.

THE FANCY DRESS POLO BALL.—It has been resolved that this ball, under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club, shall take place in the Pavilion at Brighton, on Wednesday, February 3; and it is arranged that no tickets will be issued without a member's voucher. The number also will be limited, half being reserved for the London division, and the remaining half for the residents of Brighton and the county. The London and Brighton Railway Company will run convenient trains.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—The weekly meetings of this club were resumed on Saturday at Preston, when the members held a long afternoon's sport at handicap sweepstakes of £1 each at three birds, the winners being Captain Gordon Hughes, Captain Harrison, Mr. Edden, and Mr. Crawshaw. There was some excellent practice, as the wind rose shortly after midday, about which time correct sighting was rendered somewhat difficult, owing to the glare of the sun. On Saturday (to-day) in addition to the ordinary events, an Optional Sweepstakes at five birds each will take place, on which occasion a large field is expected.

IN SEARCH OF A DOG.

"Look us out a good dog, I say, as you are going up to town. You know the kind of thing we want on Dartmoor. A nice bull-terrier is my stamp; and don't be too particular about fashion and pedigree. We must have some bull blood, and we don't care altogether for foxhunting."

"I understand; there's other game than foxes about here you'd be after, eh? I have heard of badgers, and polecat-hunting in the moonlight, before to-day. But I suppose I may pick up a bit of blood of any kind if I can find any to be got cheap?"

"Ay, ay; anything good and likely looking from a greyhound to a King Charles lapdog. We can always find something to do with dogs on Dartmoor; or, anyhow, we can always find customers for 'em if the figure is not too high."

"The Dogs' Home is the style of establishment for your complaint, I'm thinking."

"Never thought of that! Egad, the very place."

But Welter, the man entrusted with this important commission, had seen an advertisement in the *Times*, and, judging that no dog-fancier who did not mean respectable business would thus rush into such awful print, determined upon calling upon Mr. Brown, with a view to purchasing the celebrated bull-terrier whose description and pedigree were so temptingly published. He chose for the occasion of his visit a Sunday evening, when Mr. Brown was holding a *levee* of canine fanciers. It will not be necessary, perhaps, to describe the interior of a bull-dog-loving publican's bar on a Sunday evening, for such an attempt would of necessity flavour strongly of plagiarism, so often has the thing been done or hashed up by London scribes; and it is by no means certain that the present humble writer would be able to produce anything in that particular line at all worthy of your attention. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance or character of the assembled fanciers: they were neither more respectable nor more revolting in demeanour and language than might have been expected from men of their calling. Welter, accustomed from early youth to make himself at home in any society, soon fraternised with the proprietor of a couple of Blenheim spaniels, by way, as he said afterwards, of getting in the thin end of the wedge of introduction. The proprietor of the Blenheims soon discovered that Welter "didn't mean business," but he was pacified into tolerable civility by a present of a strong glass of grog and an offer of a pipe of tobacco.

After getting the wedge of introduction farther into the groove, Welter made the acquaintance of the owner of a bull-dog in a somewhat unceremonious manner. The bull-dog was comfortably ensconced in a corner of the bench, which was plentifully occupied by human and canine occupants, and partially hidden from general view by his proprietor. Welter, in his eagerness to make the acquaintance of this man, who, he had been informed, was a great authority among canine fanciers, slouched bang down upon the bull-dog, whereon a very pretty little shindy ensued. The remarks which followed are "unfit for publication," but the exasperation of the bull-dog proprietor was fortunately evanescent, and harmony was restored by the kind intervention of the landlord, who, however, saw his way to considerable increase of gain by Welter's freely inviting the entire company to drink at his expense. Welter from that moment became the honoured guest of the evening, and he learnt consequently more about dogs generally, and those of the London fanciers in particular, than he would otherwise have done in the whole course of his life spent elsewhere.

However much sunken in depravity the general frequenters of the establishment may have been, and whatever may have been their knowledge of canine mysteries and nature, there can be no doubt that Mr. Brown, the proprietor, was the most genuine black-guard of the lot. The liberality of Welter and his transparent "countryism" appealed effectually to the heart of Mr. Brown, who, it may be supposed, very much resembled other landlords in the particular of being communicative and entertaining to open-handed customers.

"Of course," said Mr. Brown, in his most mysterious and confidential manner, indeed for a landlord it might even be called Grandisonian; "of course, Sir, you will not say anything of what you see here. You won't blow upon the old crib, or let out what I shall tell yer, or what I shall show yer?"

"You may rely upon my not telling anything about it, Mr. Brown."

"Right you are. I thought I might trust to yer discretion, or whatever the right term may be. Now, when you've finished up yer glass, I'll show yer the finest stud of bull-terriers and stock bulls in all London, let the rest come from where they like."

"I am in want of a nice bull-terrier, Mr. Brown, and that is my reason for visiting your house this evening."

"Oh, ah! then you've seen my hadvertisement in the papers?"

"Yes, of course; I read the advertisement in the *Times*, and as the clown says in the play, 'Here we are.'"

"Here we are. Right again. And now, unless you'll take another drain, we'll adjourn to the stud; and that's one to me, as they say in the classics."

Accordingly they adjourned to the stud, which is a euphemistical manner of saying they went into the back parlour—so denominated by Mr. Brown—an apartment exclusively devoted to the comfort and culture of some dozen or so of the ugliest, and therefore, presumably, the most perfect, "picters" of the different varieties of the bull-dog breed in the universe. The animals were all arranged in cages round the sides of the room, the floor of which was sanded and in cleanly condition, evidently in anticipation of a visit from some intending purchaser of the little terrier. Welter was not what might fairly be called a timid man; on the contrary, his nerve had been proved on many an occasion, and even recently we have seen that he recovered the temporary prostration of his courage after sitting down upon a recumbent bull-dog. Naturally, however, he was slightly nervous on entering this den, even after the repeated assurances of his conductor that he would be as safe and comfortable as if he was in his own "dorrin' room." It required all the persuasive eloquence of which Mr. Brown was master to make him remain when that gentleman unkenneled the stud; for they, possibly from having instinctively divined his uneasiness, sniffed and snuffed about his legs, and in other ways showed their suspicion and contempt for him, that he was fain to forego a sight of the advertised specimen, and to make a clean bolt out of the premises.

"Now, Sir," said Brown, after a general understanding of perfectly fair dealing between man and dog had been come to; "now, Sir, if you would like to see her perform upon a few barn rats, we'll have her and them into my pit in a brace of shakes. She can be backed for money again anything in London or elsewhere, mind rats, for pounds, of course."

"On no account, Mr. Brown," replied Welter; "your word is quite a sufficient guarantee for me; and I see Nettle is a very well-bred animal, but something beyond my figure."

"Use of the pit, and the best barn rats, for the purpose of obliging gentlemen, always on hand, and sent to any address on receipt of P. O. order, or cheque for amount agreed on, on any respectable bankers."

"Thank you; I'll remember to inform my friends, and no doubt many will look you up when they come up to London."

"So you want a cheaper article than my Nettle? Well, Sir, you can have 'em at all prices, but my recommendation is never to buy a cheap article, from a bull pup to a gingham."

Ginger was one of the cheaper articles, and he could be warranted to destroy a fabulous number of rats in a specified time, but being under the misfortune of possessing a stain in his pedigree, Mr. Brown could not conscientiously recommend him with that degree of confidence with which respected the qualifications of Nettle. A deal, therefore, was not effected, and the animals were restored to their boxes, but not before—perhaps it is unnecessary to say—the palm of Mr. Brown had been peculiarly greased.

"Now, Sir, I'm going to show you a curiosity worth looking at." And so saying, he conducted Welter into a back-yard, and there showed him such a curiosity as probably he will never forget. It will be observed that the landlord's manner of speech and accent had been improving. He repeated his request that the subject of the curiosity might on no account be suffered to "transpire" through the mediation of his visitor. Promise being again made that no mention should be made of any curiosity, that article was produced from a barrel and exhibited for inspection. It consisted of a large-sized bull-terrier of a brindled colour, and had evidently once been a handsome dog of his kind. At that moment, however, he presented a hideous spectacle. The dog had been fighting, and had won his battle some days previously, but had been mangled in the encounter horribly. He might, in short, have been not inaptly compared to a canine pin-cushion, such punctures and tooth-holes were upon him. Welter and the landlord stood speechless for a few moments, the latter apparently enjoying the unfeigned astonishment of the former.

"Well, that is a horrible sight, Mr. Brown," at length remarked Welter; "that dog has been fighting, hasn't he?"

"Fighting he has, as you observe. Twenty-five quid aside, and that dog came off victorious."

"The other dog, then, must have been a precious worse sight, if that could be possible."

"It couldn't be possible, I reckon, if he'd a-lived, but the other animal didn't live. He died, and so may this one yet, though I'm in hopes to pull him through this bout."

"But," said Welter, "I thought nothing but a thorough-bred bull was of any use in such battles."

"Then you thought wrong, and don't know anything about dog-fighting, whatever you may about other things."

Welter felt rather proud of confessing his entire ignorance of the art and science of dog-fighting, and from this specimen of it he made a vow—a mental vow from prudential considerations—that he would never seek a further penetration into its mysteries.

"The other dog," continued Mr. Brown, "was a thorough-bred bull-dog, but he was no match for Pincher."

"How was that?"

"Lor' bless yer! a bull-dog will catch hold and die sooner than give in, but a half-bred 'un will loose his hold and tear t'other's heart out in no time, don't you see?"

"But the other dog must have loosed his hold times out of number to have done all that mischief."

"Ay, ay, what you say is right enough. He was a rum 'un, and they wasn't going to fight my Pincher with a dufler when they'd got such a lump of money on."

"But weren't you afraid, when you knew he was such a good dog, to fight him with Pincher, who is only half-bred?"

"Not I; I knowed pretty well what I was about, and had old Pincher put through the mill with my bull-dog, as you might have seen in the back parlour—Smuggler we calls him. I wasn't going to risk my money on a dog-fight any more than the others, until I'd put Pincher through the mill, for I stood all the twenty-five quid clean out myself, and put my pals on for what I knowed was a good thing."

"Then you must have fought the dog nearly to death before matching him for the late encounter. Had a sort of deadly rehearsal before performing before the general public, eh?"

"Pretty much that kind of thing, Sir. That's the only use I makes of Smuggler; but he's a rare schoolmaster for the young 'uns, sets 'em rather longish lessons, and never spares the punishment; always serves out the work, and never stints the wages."

"And, I suppose," remarked Welter, "fights of this sort generally end in death for one or the other."

"You suppose right, Sir. Not exactly though, for they don't generally end in death, but they *always* do; it is the terms of the engagement, and it's a lucky thing for the winner if his dog don't kick too. But, you know, us chaps don't fight for anything but money; we don't care for seeing the game of the dog for mere sport, such as cutting off their fore-joints, and making 'em run at a bull on their stumps."

Even a professed dog-fighter, then, had some not clearly defined notions of cruelty to dumb animals, and Mr. Brown himself, though quite and always ready to see two dogs worry and tear themselves to death, was not prepared to go beyond a certain line in barbarity. Even he knew or thought that "the line must be drawn somewhere." As in the latter pugilistic encounters men were not carried up to the scratch, and sometimes had their ears bitten through in order to keep them alive to the important nature of the business in hand as in "the palmy days of the Ring;" so in dog-fighting the combatants must fight it out without any other assistance than that supposed to be legitimate on the part of their respective seconds. The age of comparative refinement in pugilism may be said to have set in with the memorable Mr. Broughton, so we must not be too hard on the higher class of British boxers even of a preceding generation. This phenomenon opened an academy for boxing in the Haymarket, upon the understanding that he would receive the countenance and support of persons of quality. At this establishment Mr. Broughton advertised that "persons of quality and distinction" might be initiated in the mystery of boxing, and the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, &c., incident to combatants; "and that such persons," read the advertisement, "may not be deterred from entering into a course of these lectures, they will be given with the utmost tenderness and regard to the delicacy of the frame and constitution of the pupil, for which reason muffles are provided that will effectually secure them from the inconvenience of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses." But this is a digression pardonable only as having not unnaturally arisen out of the conversation with Mr. Brown, himself a retired member of the pugilistic profession.

Declining with much politeness an invitation to supper with Mrs. Brown, a lady who, in the expressive language of her husband, was "a regular Tartar and no lies about it," Welter took his leave of the place and the company, quite satisfied with the instructive sights he had beheld, and resolving to enter no more "cribs" to inspect bull-dogs even to oblige the dearest of friends. On the Monday morning he paid his intended visit to the "Dogs' Home," at Battersea, and found at last the kind of dog he wanted. He was permitted an inspection of the most heterogeneous collection of dogs, of all sorts, sizes, and breeds, to be seen anywhere except at a great metropolitan or Birmingham dog-show, and soon made a selection of a bull-terrier for his friend at Dartmoor. Of course he got no pedigree with his pur-

chase, but being a tolerably good judge, he knew he had got at least a great bargain in a "varmint"-looking animal, with correct marks and symptoms of blood, for a trifle of five shillings. But what mostly took his fancy was a handsome-looking black-ticked female greyhound, and he became the possessor of this animal for no larger a sum of money than ten shillings, a price perfectly ridiculous for such a nice-looking creature. No pedigree again with her, because, of course, the dogs in the establishment are mostly picked up by policemen from the street, or are brought in by railway porters or any benevolent individuals who may chance to come across them, and have heard where they may be taken care of. But, no doubt, Welter thought he had got hold of a genuine scion of the house of M'Grath, and lugged it through the streets to his lodgings with all the pride of a man about to contend for the Waterloo Cup itself; and he was much gratified with the attention he received from sundry groups of street-boys who made many complimentary allusions to the "bloke as was going to earn a penny by selling dogs."

The bull-terrier was sent off from Paddington that night, but the greyhound Welter intended taking down himself and keeping for his own small kennel. It was a disastrous purchase for him, after all, for the animal had disease in the nose, which made her snort and sniff in a very objectionable manner before company. She also made such a tremendous row in the night that Welter had notice to vacate his lodgings without loss of time; and he became so disgusted that he offered the greyhound as a present to anybody that would take care of her, not forgetting to say that in his opinion, as a man of great sporting experience, she would some day turn out to be remarkably clever. Not, however, with this highly spiced recommendation would anybody take her at a gift, without a pedigree. "Greyhounds are not worth their keep," people would say, "unless you can give a good pedigree, and that must be one of winning stock." In sheer despair at last, poor Welter gave away the greyhound to a vendor of periwinkles at the corner of the street, for he dared not face the ridicule of his sporting friends after such an escapade. Unfortunately, Welter forgot to give the periwinkle man the certificate of purchase from the Dogs' Home, and the consequence was that within a few hours after having accepted this valuable present, the shell-fish merchant was accosted by the owner of the greyhound as he came past the stall. The former, not being able to give a satisfactory account of the dog's being in his possession, he was then and there handed over to the tender mercies of the policeman at the corner. Not knowing where Welter lodged, and the ticket not being forthcoming, it would probably have gone hard with the poor shell-fish merchant had not Welter fortunately passed the stall again in the evening; and, being recognised by the man's wife, who was transacting business during her husband's absence, he was told the pitiful story of that gentleman's incarceration. Of course he was soon set at liberty on the production of the certificate, whereupon he roundly abused Welter for being a rogue, and the dog was returned to the original owner upon the payment of the purchase money and the making of a handsome douceur to the principally aggrieved party. And so ended Mr. Welter's search for dogs for the time. He is very silent on the painful subject, except when among his most intimate friends.

A. H. M.

CHRISTMAS YACHTING.

(Vide the Last Number of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

No butterfly yachtsmen are we,
Who spread our white wings to the breeze
In the sweet, balmy days of the spring,
Or glide o'er the calm, summer seas;

But through autumn and winter, please know,
That our craft in commission we keep,
Tho' Boreas may bluster and blow,
In our saucy ten-tonner we sleep.

The *Petrel*, well-named, is our smack,
Her home is the wild, winter wave—
Tho' "shellbacks" may swear "sheet and tack,"
That we seek in the ocean our grave.

Let fresh water "salts" have their sneer
At our sense of enjoyment—good luck!
We can each of us "hand reef and steer,"
And are none of us wanting in pluck.

Hark! the bells proclaim Christmas morn, boys!
The wind at N.E. blows a gale;
The snow, wind, and rain we all scorn, boys!
Come! pass round our tankard of ale!

Here's a health to the folks that on shore, boys,
To the fire cluster, pinched with the cold—
They are thinking of us all the more, boys,
I'll be bound, if the truth could be told.

When the winter blast howls o'er the lea, boys,
When the winter hail beats 'gainst the pane
They all think of the *Petrel* at sea, boys,
In the thick of the gale, snow, and rain.

Here's a health to the girls, that right over
Have driven ten miles through the gale,
Expecting to find us in Dover—
By Jove! will not each one grow pale,

When she hears that we're all out at sea, boys?
It is not quite fair I confess!
At Christmas to leave them alone, boys:—
Suppose we relieve their distress?

So "Ready-about!" "Helm's-a-lee!" now,
And homeward we steer at a pace;
For yachting, and *Petrel*, and sea, now,
To ladies must ever give place.

H. E. T.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.—[ADVT.]

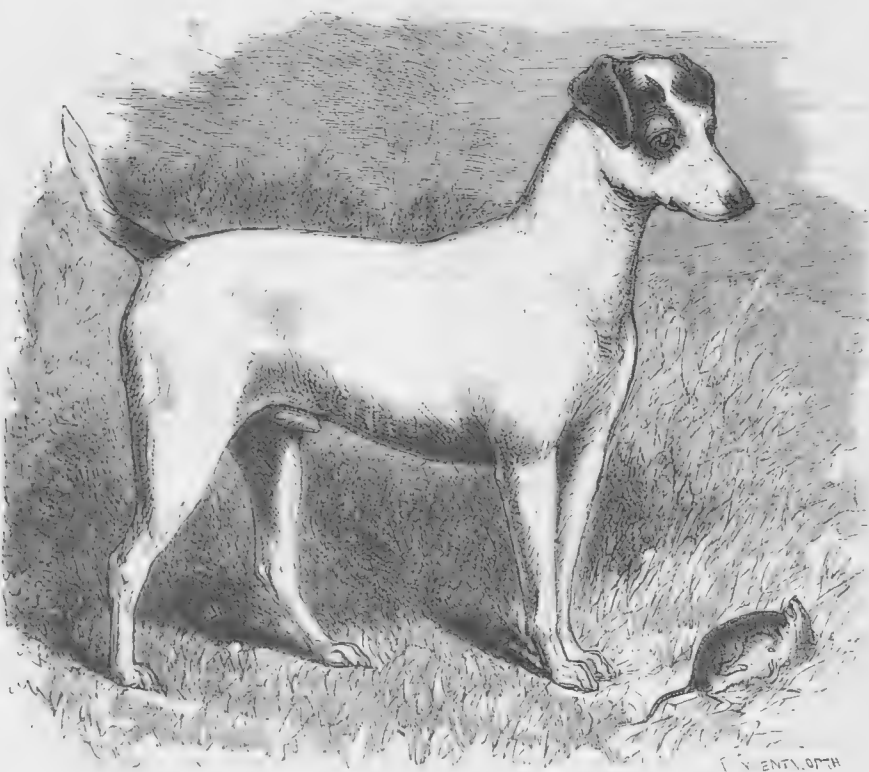
VANDAL AND DIVER. TWO CELEBRATED FOX-TERRIERS.

VANDAL, the property of Mr. J. H. Murchison, has the honour of being the highest priced fox-terrier in England, as that gentleman gave £130 for him in 1871; and this price was the more remarkable from the fact that the dog had never then been exhibited. His first appearance was at Warrington in the same year, when he took a first prize, and since then he has won no less than twenty-five firsts, most of them in champion classes. Perhaps his greatest victory was at the Crystal Palace, when he was placed at the head of the champion class, Trimmer being second to him. Vandal was pupped in August 1869, and is therefore between five and six years old. He has a rich, evenly-marked, black and tan head, with medium-sized ears, which are well set on. His forelegs are straight and good, and his feet all that could be wished; but perhaps the most noticeable points

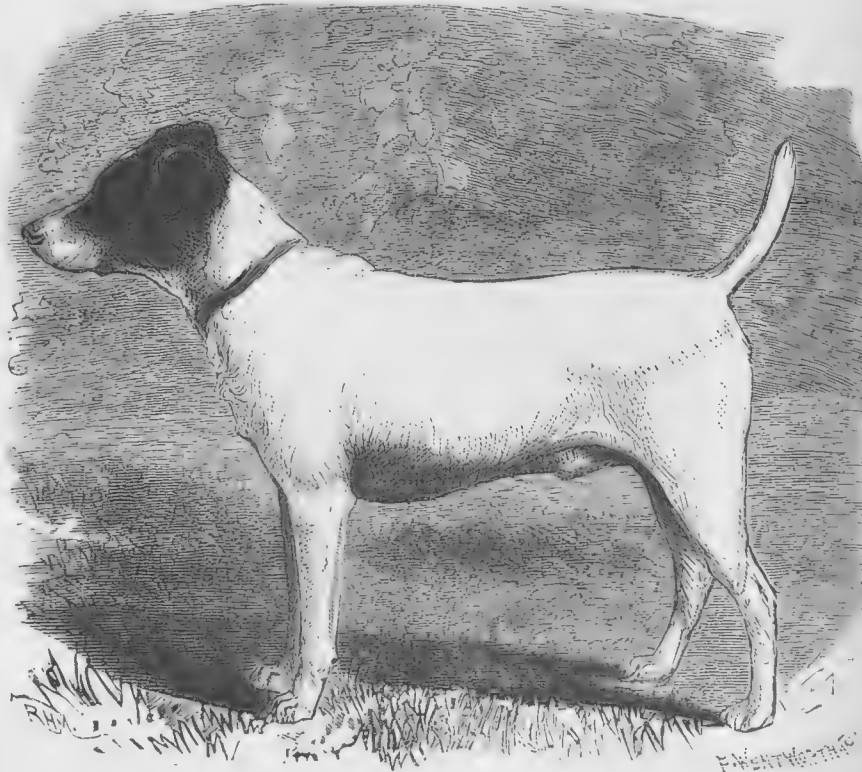
about him are his splendid hind-quarters and thighs, which are singularly muscular and powerful. His weight is about 18 lbs. We have occasionally heard good judges remark that Vandal is a little too wide across the skull; but his head has unquestionably fined down during the last twelve months, and is now good enough to satisfy the most exacting critic. We can state from personal knowledge that he is thoroughly game, and has had a few perfectly satisfactory interviews with the badger in its native earth. Vandal is at present little known as a stud dog. He is, however, sire of Harlequin, a prize winner, and Mr. Murchison informs us that he has several very promising youngsters by him, and notably a couple of puppies out of his prize bitch, Vanity, which bid fair to prove unusually good. We must not omit to state that Vandal is by Spot out of Tricksey. Spot was by Ragman, a genuine son of Old Trap, and Tricksey by Valiant, so breeders may be quite satisfied on the score of blood.

If Diver, who is the property of Mr. Thomas Hopkinson, of Grantham, has not been so successful on the show bench as

Vandal, it must be mainly attributed to his one fault—his great size—as he weighs about 23lb. It is the strongest possible proof of the dog's excellence in other respects that, in spite of this great drawback, he won first prizes at such good shows as those at Darlington, Leigh, Durham, and Manchester, during a very short spell of "circuit going." Indeed, if Diver could be turned into an 18lb dog, he would be as nearly perfect as possible. He has a grand, long head, marked with black and tan, and nice fine ears, which are always in place. His legs and feet are very good, and he naturally shows immense power; still, though he is so large, he is full of quality. Diver is by Fell's Spot out of Daisy; Spot by Dan out of Nell; and Daisy by Bob out of Venom. Thus it will be seen that his blood is distinct from that of any other stud terrier of the day, and he is therefore well adapted for crossing with bitches by Trap, Jock, Tyrant, Sam, or any of a similar strain. We are assured by Mr. Hopkinson that Diver is very game, and his size need not deter breeders from using him, as his stock never exceed 18lb in weight.



DIVER, THE PROPERTY OF MR. THOMAS HOPKINSON.



VANDAL, THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. H. MURCHISON.

Reviews.

Baily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes. (A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill.) Our monthly contemporary comes out in great force, and the January number abounds with matter of the most interesting kind. The frontispiece, a portrait of Mr. Anthony Hamond, M.P.,—as usual a first rate likeness—is succeeded by his biography. Then follows an excellent article, "Fashionable Fatlings," by Amphion, who very sensibly deprecates the present system of feeding up young racing stock that is intended to come to the hammer, as if they were prize oxen fattened for the knife. Where everything is so good it is difficult, and perhaps invidious, to select articles that we think deserving of special notice; but we must draw attention to "A Sporting Cruise to Sardinia," which gives a most interesting account of the game in that country, as well as a graphic description of Pepico the bandit and his band of outlaws, who treated the writer with great courtesy and hospitality, and showed him excellent sport in their mountain fastness. The Van is a complete review of the events of the past month, and its retrospective remarks are replete with information, besides being enriched with clever anecdotes and on *ditto* of the day, of which we shall quote the following:—

"Billy Nicholl," the bookmaker, of Nottingham, was travelling up to London, and whether something had occurred to ruffle his usually equable temper we know not; but the fact was undoubted that he made use of some very bad language on entering and after he had taken his seat in the train. A rather starchy individual who sat opposite to him at last took upon himself to testify against such profanity, and asked Billy if he was aware he was going to perdition! Billy did not seem quite to understand the question; but, on its being repeated in a more severe tone, astonished the interrogator by saying, in the Nottingham vernacular, 'Just my d—d luck; I booked to Paddington!'

"Poor Will Boxall had an Oxford professor out the other day who had come to meet the Craven, and they were two hours in and around Marlborough Forest on a gloomy, lowering day, with little scent or sport. Looking askance through his gold spectacles, the astronomer observed to Will, 'Huntsman, this peculiarity in the elements is probably attributable to the transit of Venus.'—'Can't say, Sir. Me and the hounds has nothing to do with no Weunsens in the day time,' was Will's reply.

"Two Americans had a difficulty in a railway carriage. One threatened the other with a pistol, which he produced from his pocket; his adversary pointed to his umbrella lying on an empty seat, and said, 'Do you see that umbrella sitting there, Sir? Wal, I've a great mind to shove that same down your throat, and spread it!'

Who's who. (A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill.) This elegant little work presents as large an amount of information as can be well conceived to be condensed into the space; and it brings down its data to the 15th of December; data which appear to have been compiled with great accuracy and care. The following statistics will prove of interest to some of our readers:—"The oldest member of her Majesty's Privy Council is Lord St. Leonards, aged 94; the youngest, H.R.H. Prince Leopold, aged 22. The oldest Duke is the Duke of Montrose, aged 76; the youngest, the Duke of Norfolk, aged 28. The oldest Marquis is the Marquis of Tweeddale, aged 88; the youngest, the Marquis of Camden, aged 3. The oldest Earl is the Earl of Leven and Melville, aged 89; the youngest, the Earl of Norbury, aged 12. The oldest Viscount is the Viscount Molesworth, aged 89; the youngest, Viscount Clifden, aged 12. The oldest Baron is Lord St. Leonards, aged 94; the youngest, Lord Southampton, aged 8. The oldest of the titled Heirs of Peers is Viscount Kirkcaldy, heir to the Earl of Leven and Melville, aged

58; the youngest are Viscount Crowhurst (heir to the Earl of Cottenham), Viscount Forbes (heir to the Earl of Granard), Viscount Kingsborough (heir to the Earl of Kingston), and Viscount Stavordale (heir to the Earl of Ilchester), each of whom is in his first year. The oldest member of the House of Commons is the Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, M.P. for Oxfordshire, aged 82; the youngest, the Hon. William F. O. O'Callaghan, M.P. for Tipperary, aged 23. The oldest Judge in England is the Right Hon. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, aged 79; the youngest, the Right Hon. Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, aged 51. The oldest Judge in Ireland is the Right Hon. James Monahan, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, aged 71; the youngest, the Right Hon. Christopher Pilles, LL.D., Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer, aged 44. The oldest Scotch Lord of Session is Charles Neaves, aged 75; the youngest, Lord Shand, aged 47. The oldest Prelate of the Church of England is the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Alfred Ollivant), aged 77; the youngest, Dr. Edward Parry, suffragan Bishop of Dover, aged 45. The oldest Prelate of the Irish Church is Dr. John Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 77; the youngest, Dr. William Alexander, Bishop of Derry, aged 51. The oldest Bishop of the Colonial and Missionary Church is the Right Rev. Samuel Gobat, Bishop of Jerusalem, aged 76; the youngest, the Right Rev. Alfred Willis, Bishop of Hawaii, and the Right Rev. T. E. Wilkinson, Bishop of Zululand, each aged 39. The oldest Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, aged 71; the youngest, the Right Rev. Alexander P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, aged 58. The oldest of the retired Bishops is the Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall, late Bishop of St. David's, aged 79; the youngest, the Right Rev. Edward Twells, late Bishop of Orange River, aged 47. The oldest Baronet is Sir Richard John Griffith, aged 91; the youngest, Sir Arthur Victor R. A. Rumbold, aged 6. The oldest Knight is General Sir John Bell, G.C.B., aged 93; the youngest, Sir Ludlow Cotter (eldest son of Sir James Lawrence Cotter, Bart.), aged 22. The oldest Recorder in England is John Bramwell, Recorder of Durham, aged 81; the youngest, George E. Dering, Recorder of Faversham, aged 34." The new issue for 1875—being the 27th edition—fully maintains the deservedly high reputation which this annual has gained as a book of reference.

SHAKSPEAREAN REVIVALS.—Mr. Charles Calvert, of the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, and producer of some celebrated Shakspearean revivals, which have been very successful in Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, was entertained on Monday night to a dinner on the occasion of his leaving for America on his revival of *Henry V.* Mr. Tom Taylor presided, and some of the prominent members of the literary and theatrical circle of Manchester were present.

DROWNING OF THREE OF EARL FITZWILLIAM'S THOROUGHBREDS.—On Christmas-day, three young thoroughbred horses belonging to Earl Fitzwilliam were drowned in one of the small lakes in Wentworth Park, near Rotherham, his lordship's seat. The lake was frozen over to a considerable thickness, but not sufficiently to bear much weight in some places. The three animals—which were valued at a very high figure—got upon the ice, which appears to have broken under their weight, for they were found drowned there some hours afterwards. On the one hand, it is stated that the horses strayed on to the ice in the darkness of the night, and hence the accident; but, on the other, persons who know that horses are from instinct not disposed to venture upon an insecure footing, believe that they must have been driven on to the ice by mischievously or maliciously disposed persons. At all events, the loss is a very severe one, for the whole of the animals were by a well-known sire, and were promising colts. —*Liverpool Mercury.*

THE WOODCOCK.

THIS highly-prized bird (*Scolopax rusticola*), besides being the handsomest game bird we have, is also the best for the table, and one that by his irregular flight affords the prettiest sport possible. Like the rest of the *Grallae* family, it is a migratory visitor, and generally arrives in our island when the October frosts begin to set in, or during the moonlight nights of that month.

On their first arrival in this country, woodcock, in consequence of their long flight from distant northern latitudes, are lean and emaciated, but after a few days they recruit their strength, and pick up flesh in a surprising manner. The woodcock like the snipe, feeds chiefly by night, and during the day preserves a passive and dormant situation in woodland and sequestered localities, in which it is not likely to be disturbed. There is no bird more difficult to detect than a woodcock when lying close, as the colour of its plumage so closely resembles the decayed leaves of the forest, and it will often not take wing until nearly trodden upon. In moist weather, and during the absence of frosts, the woodcock is somewhat sluggish and sleepy in his habits, and having satisfied its appetite during the night, it retires in the early morning to its woodland haunts. The eyes of the woodcock are exceedingly contracted during the daylight hours, but at night they become very much dilated, which enables them to see and select their food in the darker hours. Again the bill is of an extremely sensitive nature, which enables it to abstract from the moist earth a multitudinous supply of minute insect life suited to its physical constitution.

The late severe weather has been most favourable for cock shooting, and we have heard of some famous bags having been made in the West of Ireland, one sportsman having killed 21½ brace in two consecutive day's shooting, which is very good work. The birds, however, in consequence of the hard weather, were unusually light, few weighing more than twelve ounces.

AMERICAN RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.—Mr. Richard Penistan, late of Philadelphia, and now of Kentucky, last week refused an offer of 25,000 dols., for the three-year-old bay filly, Lady Stout, who, at the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association Meeting, at Lexington, trotted a mile in 2.29, and repeated it the next day in 2.28.—The thoroughbred chestnut horse, Burnbraes, by imported Bonnie Scotland, dam by Yorkshire, owned by W. E. Small, of Brooklyn, Iowa, died recently of an attack of colic.—The death of the well-known fast trotting horse, Camora, recently purchased by Budd Doble for the millionaire banker, Mr. Baldwin, of San Francisco, is reported by telegram. Following so closely on the intelligence of the sudden death in California of Mr. Goldsmith's promising son of Volunteer, Gloster, the news has created quite a sensation in trotting circles. The Hambletonian stallion, Manhattan, owned by Mr. D. S. Tallman, Dutchess County, N.Y., died from the injuries received in running away a few weeks ago. He was valued at 10,000 dols.—I. D. Carlisle, of Woodford County, Ky., has purchased the chestnut mare Sprightly, by Lexington out of Lightsome, by Glencoe, for 500 dols., and intends breeding her to imported Billet, a son of Voltigeur.—Thirty-eight valuable horses were recently burnt to death at Eminence, Ky., at a fire which destroyed Calloway and Corland's extensive stables; loss, 20,000 dols.; insurance, only 3,000 dols.—Mr. M. A. Littell, of New York, has sold the celebrated four-mile race-horse, Fellowcraft, by imported Australian, dam Aerolite, by Lexington, to Richard Penistan, of Fayette County, Ky. He is only four years old, and his fame rests on his memorable performance at Saratoga last August, where he beat Katie Pease and Wanderer in a four-mile race, which he won in 7.19½, thus beating Lexington's time of 17.19½, which for nearly twenty years had never been approached or equalled, by a quarter of a second.

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At his suggestion, she studied the part of 'Monimia' in *The Orphan*. At that time, the great Quin was acting manager at Covent Garden, where he ruled "with a rod of iron" as Miss Bellamy said, for Rich dared not interfere with him. Quin proudly held himself aloof from his brethren, and had his own dressing room, then an unusual privilege, which the wags had christened "the lion's den." One day with some trepidation, Rich took the young lady with him, and applied for an interview at the entrance to this "den," and was told to wait until his manager was at leisure. Humbly enough he did so, and being admitted, expressed his wishes with regard to Miss Bellamy's first appearance.

"It will not do, sir," said Quin, laconically but positively, eyeing the while the blushing and trembling girl.

"It shall do, sir," said Rich, as shortly and as decidedly.

Quin responded by sullenly addressing Miss Bellamy.

"You must play 'Lerina,' child, before you think of 'Monimia.'"

Piqued by the tone of sarcasm with which this was said, Miss Bellamy replied,—

"If I did, sir, I should never live to play 'The Orphan.'"

The altercation then continued, both men getting warm and remaining resolute, and a fierce quarrel ensued. Rich ordered *The Orphan* to be put up for rehearsal, and cast it himself. Quin retired in disgust, and with him all the more important performers. But Rich continued unshaken, and at length the eventful evening had come. John did all he could to keep up the spirits and courage of his charming protégée; but as the moment of her first appearance drew near, she grew so pale and frightened that Quin and his abettors chuckled with triumph, while Rich, growing frightened too, by expostulating with her, only increased her emotion.

The play began. Miss Bellamy wiped her tears away, and hesitatingly took the first of those awful steps which placed her at once in the full gaze of a crowded and expectant audience. It was a fearful moment. Before and behind the scenes all heads were thrust forward with equal eagerness, but with varied feelings. She began feebly, improved rapidly, and in the fourth act "brought down the house." As she made her exit for the last time, good old Quin, with the true feelings of a real artist, caught her in his feeble old arms, and embracing her, cried enthusiastically:—

"Thou art a divine creature, and the true spirit is in thee!"

We leave you to imagine—for we should fail to describe—the poor young creature's outburst of joy and gratitude, her hysterical over-wrought feelings of delight at the applause of a man she so deeply revered as an artist, and the triumph of Rich, who it was said could not have derived more satisfaction even from the success of a new pantomime. Miss Bellamy took her leave of the stage in 1785.

But we are forgetting space, and must now conclude, although we have merely touched the confines of a little mine of anecdotes, nearly all of which appear to be more or less forgotten. Before we put aside the pen, we may add, that having a copy of Joey Grimaldi's portrait, in the pantomime of *The Red Dwarf* referred to last week by Mr. Stainforth, we thought you would like to see a sketch therefrom, presenting which we bid you once more adieu.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.



DEATH OF AN AMERICAN TURFITE.—The intelligence of the death of the well-known pool-seller, Dr. Robert Underwood, will be received with deep regret by turfmen in the United States. This sudden and unlooked-for event occurred at his residence at Saratoga, on Sunday, December 13, from hemorrhage of the lungs. Dr. Underwood was the first public turf pool-seller in the United States, but the merit of introducing this peculiar system of betting, now so popular, is not due to Dr. Underwood, but to Mr. H. L. McGrath; the deceased, however, first brought it into public notice at the Lexington, Ky., race meetings in or about the year 1856 or 1857. In the racing campaign circuit of 1862, which comprised Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, under the direction of the late Mr. John Cassidy, Dr. Underwood was first introduced to Eastern turfmen; and the popularity which his geniality of disposition, unvarying good humour, wit, and powers of quick repartee then secured him, has been retained ever since. His knowledge of the pedigrees of racehorses was extensive, and contributed greatly to his professional success; for as a pool-seller he was confessedly without a superior. He was born in Dublin in or about 1825, and emigrated to America in 1853, after having taken his degree in the Veterinary College of Surgeons of Dublin, a professional status he was always proud of acknowledging. Finding, on his arrival in New York, no suitable opening for his professional talents, he moved west to Lexington, Ky., and for some time was associated with Dr. Herr, of that city, since so celebrated as a breeder of fast trotting stock. On the dissolution of this connection, Dr. Underwood shortly afterwards devoted himself to the pool-selling business, in which he became so identified.—*New York Clipper*.

MIDDLEBOROUGH STEEPLE-CHASES.—This event is for a second time adjourned in consequence of the unsuitable character of the weather. The fixture now stands for Monday, February 1, and all entries will have to be made afresh.

TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS FOR HORSES.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—*JOHN SCOTT, N.B.*—The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder; may be had of all chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]

A CUBAN PRIZE-FIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PEARL OF THE ANTILLES."

"MONSIEUR TROMPÁ" was the *nom de guerre* of our professor of fencing, single-stick, *savate*, or French kicking, and athletic exercises generally. The Cubans delight in nicknames, and that conferred upon our professor was a creolised version of the Spanish word *trompada*, or blow.

Monsieur Trompá was a Frenchman by birth and education, but he had emigrated early to Cuba with a view to pick up a few of those golden doubloons with which Cuban streets were said to be paved. During the first years of his residence in the island, the Frenchman had devoted his attention to the tobacco trade, and he opened a shop, for the sale of Havannahs and cigarettes, in one of the leading thoroughfares of the town. Failing in this much competed business, he sold off, and turned tutor; tendering his services to the Cuban public as teacher of languages.

As tutor Monsieur Trompá was even less successful than as tobacconist, and after many endeavours to improve the Cuban mind, he abandoned the unprofitable calling and offered to improve the Cuban muscle. And when it is stated that the Frenchman had, in his college days, been a pupil of Monsieur di Fenromsi, the celebrated escrimist, and that he had practised boxing for three years under the renowned Benjamin Caunt, Esquire, of London, it will be seen that our professor had every claim to be considered a proficient in the arts which he was desirous of imparting.

Gymnastics and the art of self-defence proved more acceptable to the Cuban public than either foreign tongues or native tobacco, and Monsieur Trompá was soon appointed chief director of "El Gimnasio de Federico."

This gymnasium was a favourite resort of the youth of Cuba. It consisted of a spacious piece of open-air ground, enclosed by tall wooden palings, and it was furnished with all the machinery generally used for the development of human muscles. At one end of the grounds was a low, one-storied building, containing three large chambers, devoted respectively to the purposes of the toilette, to fencing, and to refreshments. There was also a small spare room attached to the premises, and this constituted the private sanctum and dwelling of our professor. Here, between white-washed walls, and with little more furniture than what was supplied by the leather-bottomed chairs and rude canvas bed, or *cama*, peculiar to most Cuban habitations, Monsieur Trompá fed and slept.

Our professor was a big, burly fellow, with handsome and regular features, a good-natured smile, and one of the largest dark-brown beards ever cultivated by man. He was broad of shoulder, stout of limb, with a wonderful display of biceps, and a remarkable development of calf. The various feats of strength and agility, which the Frenchman was said to have performed, chiefly in his own country and occasionally in Cuba, would have occupied the longest "drawing-room" entertainment on record, and Monsieur Trompá was in consequence a popular favourite.

The Cubans are fond of athletic sports and exercises, and the events which have of late years transpired in the "ever-faithful"—but revolutionary—"Isle," have induced them more than ever to try their strength and improve their knowledge of the art of self-defence. The French athlete had come into office before the Cuban revolution was inaugurated, though not before it had been secretly planned, and he was of course, the very man for training young and adventurous recruits. The government of the island, though strongly opposed to the use of arms among the inhabitants, could not reasonably object to such harmless weapons as blunted foils, singlesticks, and boxing-gloves; nor could the development of a biceps be considered in the light of high treason. So the Cubans continued to fence, box, and exercise their limbs, and Monsieur Trompá prospered.

Our professor's services were not unfrequently in demand as mediator or umpire in certain private quarrels and disputes which sometimes arose, and upon one occasion application was made to him by a gentleman who required one "easy lesson" in the art of pistol shooting. The applicant was a young lawyer, who had lately become involved in a duel, about a matter in which a lady connected with the ballet of the theatre was intimately concerned. The lawyer's adversary was an officer in the Spanish army, and pistols were the weapons chosen by him.

The lawyer had, however, never fired a pistol in his life, and therefore trusted to be initiated in the art by the French professor. Monsieur Trompá was quite unconscious of the object for which the easy lesson was required, or he would have done his best to dissuade the rash lawyer from his mad purpose; for, after the duel was over, and his pupil had been duly shot, our kind-hearted professor never forgave himself for having given that one easy lesson.

Monsieur Trompá had every reason to be proud of the reputation he had acquired in the town; and that he had become alike the terror of the most evil-minded black, and the admiration of the most muscular white, may be gathered from the fact that our professor was in the habit of taking his *siestas* and his nightly repose with the door of his dwelling ajar. This he did chiefly with a view to ventilate his apartment which had but one small window; it was also a proof of the great security against trespassers which he alone enjoyed. With bludgeons, foils, and other implements of his craft close at hand, the professor challenged the most daring to enter his sanctum and make off with the gold watch and massive chain which he usually placed by his bedside at night. At least, such had been the Frenchman's custom since coming into office, and no captain-general in the most peaceful year of his reign was more secure.

But there came at last a man from Guantánamo. He was a black man, and as report went, the tallest, stoutest, and most muscular person in Cuba. He measured little under 7 feet in height, was proportionately broad and exhibited the largest hands that it is possible for the human arm divine to possess. Incredible feats of strength were attributed to this dark giant. He was said to have dislocated fingers by an ordinary squeeze of his powerful palm; and as for lifting weights—he had no difficulty in raising high in his mighty arms a well filled hog-head barrel of sugar. The agility of this athletic negro was equal to his strength. He could overtake the swiftest horse in full gallop, and overthrow the beast by grasping one of its hind legs.

His *picco de resistance*, however, was butting. Butting, or *cabeceos*, as it is called in the Spanish language, is a branch of pugilism much cultivated by the black community in Cuba, and in this our negro had no rival.

Those who may be acquainted with this strange sport will remember that butting consists of rushing with the head, bull fashion, at an adversary's chest, and tossing him several feet into the air. Frequently the whole weight of the body assists in giving the impetus to the blow, and for this purpose the butting man takes a short leap, and projects himself like an arrow at the human target. If he succeed in hitting the mark, the result often proves fatal to his adversary; should he, however, miss fire, the utmost personal damage which he can sustain is an ignominious tumble and a bruised elbow.

Now "El Nátó"—as the black was nicknamed—had heard of the fame of Monsieur Trompá, and Monsieur Trompá had heard of the exploits of El Nátó. So when it was found that the swarthy champion

was perfectly willing to stand up in fair fight with the French professor, and that the French professor had remarked, "after the manner of the Roman general in the story, 'Let him come!'" it was proposed that a meeting should take place between the champions in the grounds of the gymnasium.

Accordingly, on the coolest evening known in the tropics, behold our professor and the black warrior, surrounded by a crowd of excited and admiring friends, in El Gimnasio de Federico. Every member of that gymnasium was, of course, present. There was our best man, familiarly called "Tin" (an abbreviation of Agustín), a short, wiry young creole, remarkable for his performances on the trapeze and parallels; Juanchito, an athletic Indian from the neighbouring village of Caney, whose pole climbing was equal to any negro's palm mounting.

A vast number of El Nátó's admirers and backers were also there, and represented every shade of black, brown, and coffee-colour. Many of these worthies were famous for the dexterity which they displayed in ascending the tallest palms and coconut trees, and the agility with which they could swing from the fern-like bough of one palm to the bough of another palm, like an acrobat performing the "flying trapeze." Not a few were also adepts in the art of butting.

It was a study for a painter as the black and white warriors stepped into the ring. The broad-chested, big-bearded Frenchman, with his white skin and well-turned limbs, formed a striking contrast with the tall, woolly-headed, ebony-skinned negro, and both gentlemen formed worthy representatives of the fearfully and wonderfully made man.

The attitude chosen by El Nátó, was similar to that of a wrestler awaiting an opportunity to close with his antagonist with curved arms, raised hands and stooping shoulders. In turn our professor placed himself in the approved British posture of defence; his right or "ward" arm across his breast; his left or attacking arm bent at right angles against his side. In the course of the fight, the Frenchman varied this position to what he called the "Ben Caunt guard," his body being inclined inwards and his fists covering his face. He also assumed the "American guard," with both arms extended and the fists brought to a level with the left shoulder.

Upwards of half an hour was spent in posturing and striking attitudes, but nothing like close quarters was attempted. The negro skipped nimbly on this side and on that; he dodged here and he ducked there vainly endeavouring to seek an "opening" or clear target against which he might level his mighty cranium. The Frenchman was unmoved by these antics, keeping, however, his body well "covered" and occasionally turning on his heel to follow the movements of his restless adversary.

The spectators encouraged the combatants and shouted "adelante!" (forward) and other expressions peculiar to Cuban men of the ring. In spite, however, of their efforts to induce the warriors to close, the negro continued to duck and dodge and the Frenchman to maintain his professional guard.

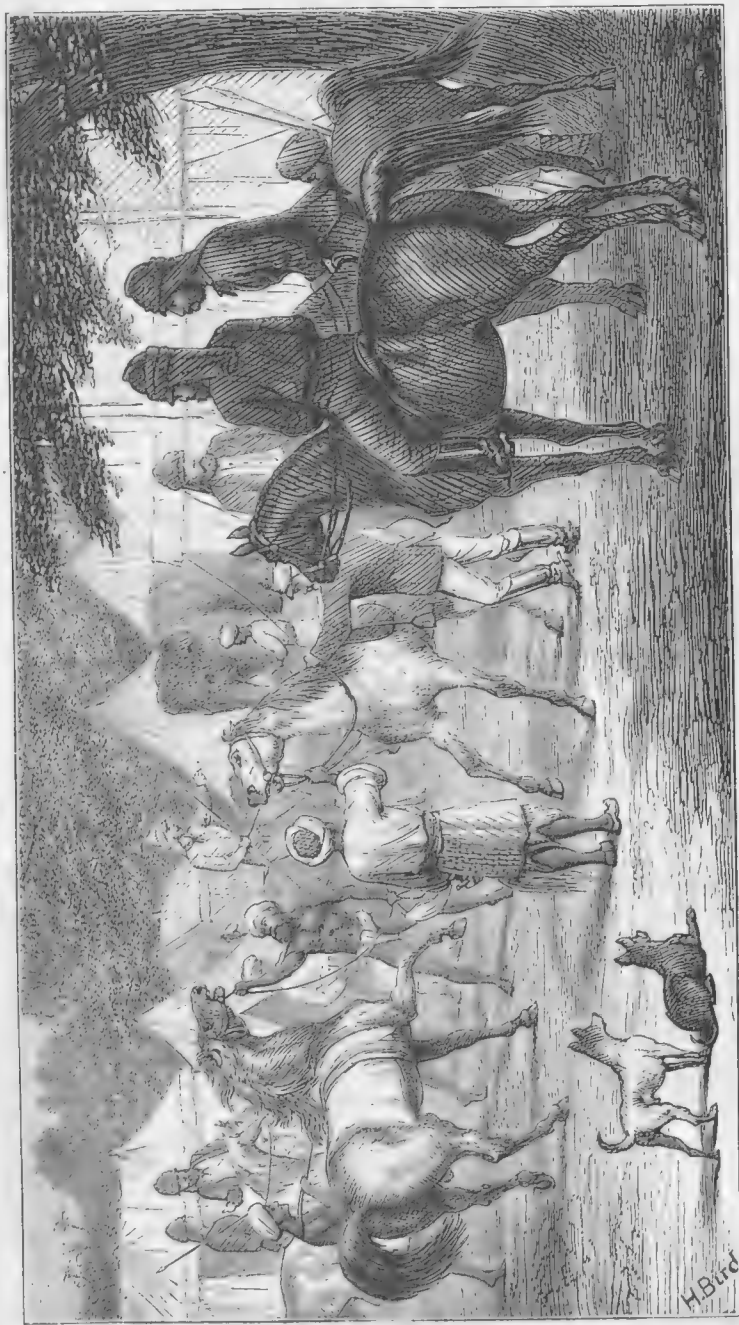
After another half hour had nearly passed in the same unsatisfactory manner, El Nátó suddenly paused, and, throwing down his huge arms, he declared that Monsieur Trompá was playing foul. This was a butting and not a boxing match, he said, and therefore postures more in accordance with the former should be adopted on either side. For his own part he would decline to continue the fight, and he would moreover invite the company to pronounce the issue a drawn game. Much cheering on the side of El Nátó's backers followed this avowal, and much whistling (the Cuban form of hissing) came from the other side.

In the midst of the tumult, our professor, who had hitherto devoted his attention to the strange movements and novel method of attack adopted by his adversary, stepped up, and with a good-natured smile offered to assume an attitude of defence more to the black's liking. To this end the undaunted Frenchman advanced within a few paces of where the negro was standing, and placing his left foot forward, threw both his arms high above his head. With a front thus fairly exposed, our professor then invited El Nátó to try his luck again. Doubtful whether this was not a ruse adopted by the skilled boxer with a view to encourage his adversary to continue the hostilities, the negro proceeded with great caution before venturing upon an attack. Retreating a few paces El Nátó made certain feints with a view to test his adversary's honesty, and finding that the Frenchman kept his ground, the black giant suddenly launched himself like a huge battering-ram at Monsieur's tender points. If El Nátó had succeeded in reaching Monsieur Trompá there is no doubt whatever but that our professor would have fared very badly. In the moment, however, that the woolly head approached within a few inches of its target, quick as thought the practised boxer drew in his body, while at the same instant two hard knuckles were brought with considerable force against the negro's skull. A unanimous cry of horror and surprise broke from the spectators on both sides as El Nátó fell bleeding, sorely wounded and senseless at his victor's feet. The black giant in the course of time recovered from the punishment inflicted by his powerful and eminently scientific rival; but he never recovered his lost reputation as champion in the art of butting.

PRICES OF NOTED AMERICAN HORSES.—The following are some of the prices paid for American horses, as given in the *New York Herald*:—Kentucky, £8000; Norfolk, £3000; Lexington, £3000; Kingfisher, £3000; Glenelg, £2000; Smuggler, £3000; Blackwood, £6000; Jay Gould, £6000; Dexter, £16,600; Lady Thorne, £6000; Jim Irving, £4000; Goldsmith Maid, £4000; Startle, £4000; Prospero, £4000; Rosalind, £4000; Lulu, £4000; Happy Medium, £5000; Clara G., £6000; Pocahontas, £7000; Edward Everett, £4000; Auburn House, £2600; Judge Fullerton, £4000; Mambrina Bertie, £2000; Socrates, £4000; George Palmer, £3000; Mambrina Pilot, £2400; George P. Daniels, £1600; J. G. Brown, £2000; Flora Temple sold, when aged, for £1600, for a brood mare; £4000 was offered and refused for Tom Bowling last summer; £6000 was offered and refused for Harry Basset in his three-year-old form; £5000 will not to-day buy Baywood or Asteroid; £3000 was offered and refused for Woodford Mambrino, and £4000 for Thorndale.

WOLVERHAMPTON DOG SHOW.—The entries for the forthcoming dog show in Wolverhampton are, in round numbers, 300, the entry last year being 416. Though there will be fewer dogs shown, yet it is believed that there will be no depreciation in quality—the lists of exhibitors embracing all the principal prize-takers, some of whom have never yet exhibited in Wolverhampton. Divided into their several kinds, the entries of dogs for this year are:—Pointers, 36; setters, 34; retrievers, 42; spaniels, 18; fox-terriers, 70; bull-terriers, 20; bulldogs, 6; smooth-coated terriers, 19; dandies, 9; rough-coated terriers, 6; sheep dogs, 11; deerhounds, 9; mastiffs, 14; toys, 14; and variety class, 14; total, 322. To avoid the necessity for having the show in two unattached buildings, the managers have resolved to construct a temporary wing to the Agricultural Hall. Mr. A. Giles, of Heath Town, is the secretary; and Mr. T. J. Barnett continues to aid the movement, but with the office of hon. treasurer. Messrs. Tebbay, M. Leno, J. Dixon, and F. C. Esquilant will be the judges in the poultry and pigeon departments; and the judges in the dog classes will be Messrs. W. Lort, H. Gibson, and S. Handley.

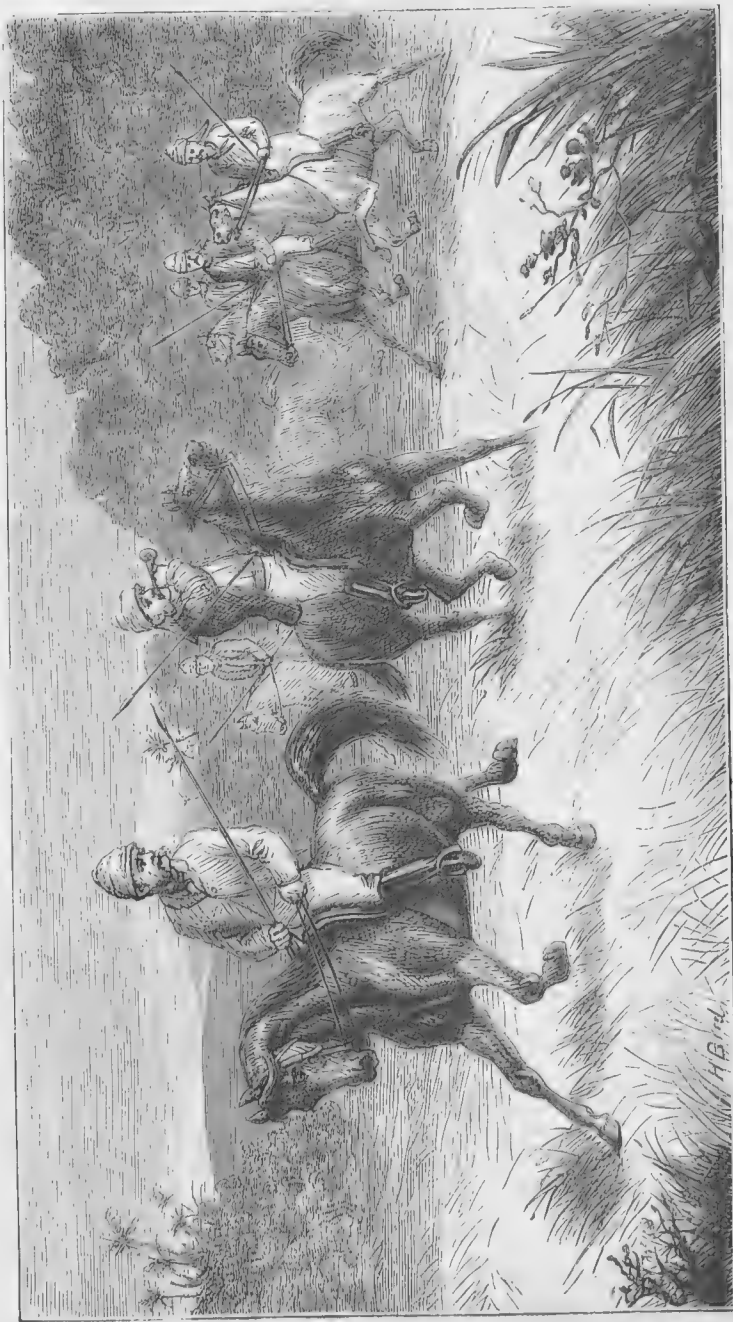
EPISODES IN THE DECCAN HUNT.—Hog-hunting at Hyderabad.



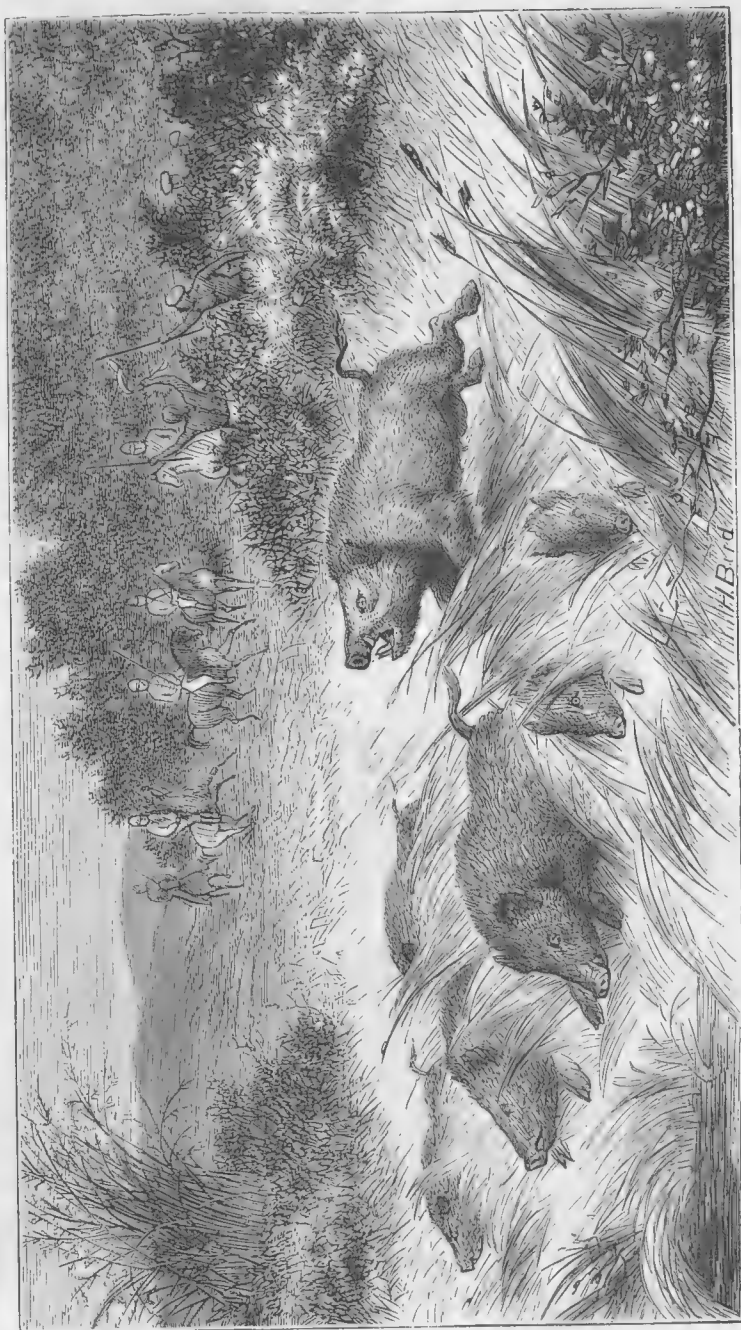
1.—CAMP SCENE. THE HOG-HUNTERS ASSEMBLE.



2.—THE COVER SIDE. THE MASTER POSTS THE SPEARS.



3.—“GONE AWAY.” THE SIGNAL TO RIDE.



4.—THE SOUNDER HEARD.

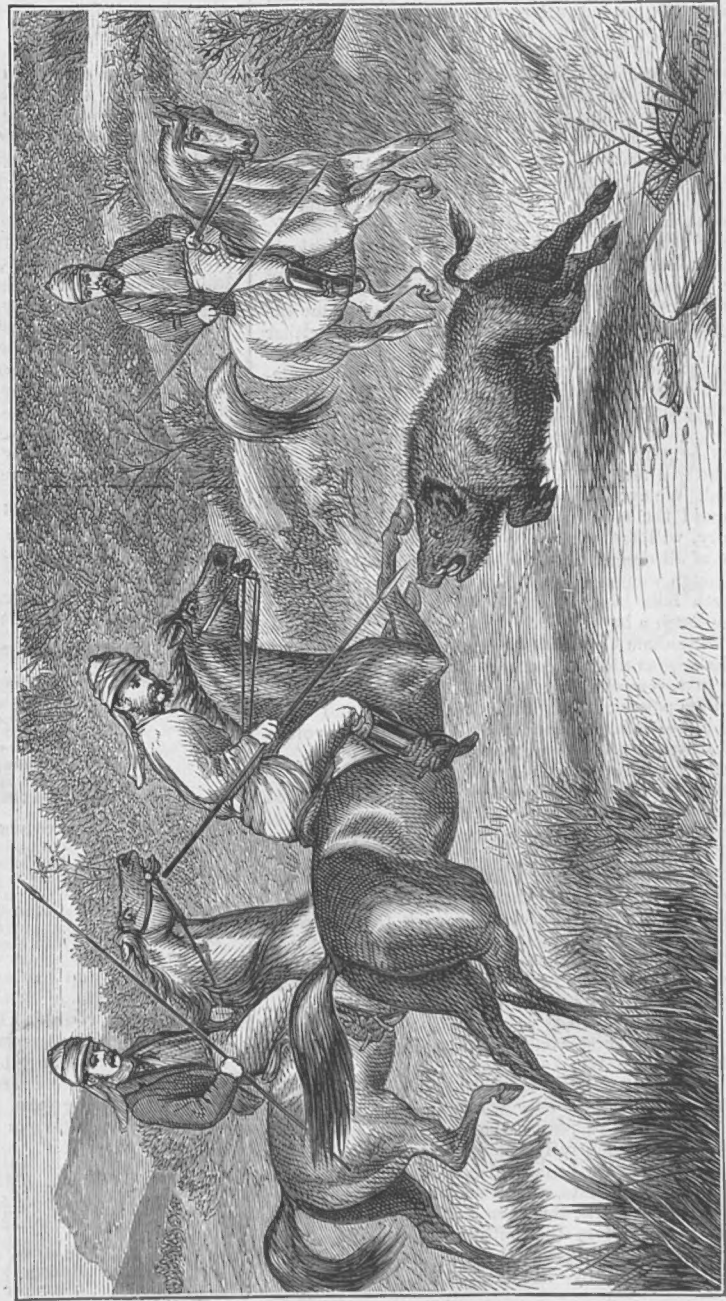
EPISODES IN THE DECCAN HUNT.—Hog-hunting at Hyderabad.



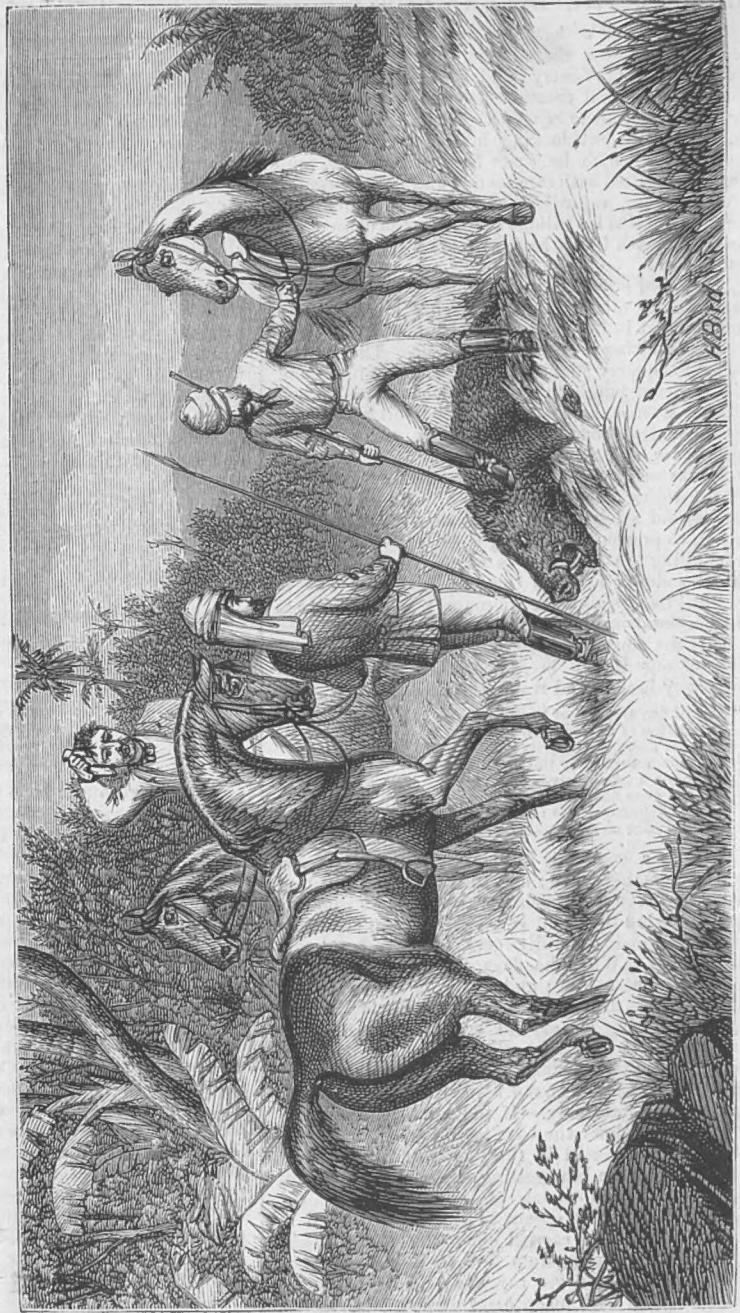
5.—“TALLY HO!” THE FIRST BURST.



6.—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SPEAR.



7.—THE LAST CHARGE.



8.—THE DEATH OF THE BOAR.

EPISODES IN THE DECCAN HUNT.

"Dam spiro spero."

THE Wild Boar has ever been classed amongst the noble beasts in the most ancient annals of Venerary; and well he deserves to be so, as none amongst the animal creation has a better right to be styled a *cavalier sans peur et sans reproche*. Although apparently a coarse, rough, sulky, insolent looking brute, with a cunning narrow-slitted eye from which he casts furtive, scowling, and malignant glances, he is gifted with rare metal; and no one can fail to admire his courage, as, regardless of odds, he unflinchingly charges his enemy, maintains his gallant bearing to the close of the contest, and meets his death like a hero without a cry or a plaintive groan escaping him.

Hog-hunting, as carried out in India, is a sport *sui generis*, for it can be compared to no other. In stag or fox hunting, man plays but a secondary part in the game, as the hounds find, follow, and kill; but in hog-hunting it is widely different. The hunter himself searches for his quarry; he scrambles amongst rocks and ravines clothed with dense jungle to track up the boar, and, when it is reared and fairly started, he has a perilous pursuit before him over an unknown country abounding with holes, rocks, stones, nullahs, steep precipices, and rugged mountains.

After the hunter has surmounted more or less of these obstacles, and by dint of hard riding comes up to close quarters with the boar, he has to depend solely upon his coolness and skill in managing his horse, to prevent their being ripped, as well as upon his dexterity in handling the spear, so as to kill the enraged and desperate animal who shows fight to the last gasp, and who is never conquered until he is slain. A thoroughly trained horse is a *sine qua non* in hog-hunting; and a high caste Arab makes the best hunter, as he is the most courageous, the most enduring and the most sagacious of our Indian breeds of horses, and is consequently the more easily broken and trained. He should be

"Full of fire and full of bone,
All his line of fathers thin;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane a stormy river flowing;
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night;
And his pace as swift as light."

No horse will make a good hog-hunter that cannot do his couple of miles at a fair racing speed; and the faster he can get off at the commencement of the run the better, as the boar who has been feeding heavily during the night is not in running condition early in the morning, and generally gets blown after being pressed hard for a mile. When he flags, the horse who is in better wind begins to outpace him; and the rider springing him up along side, is enabled to drive the spear well home behind the shoulder blade, and passing on at full speed the boar's fore-quarters swing round and he generally rolls over. The horseman, by simply keeping fast hold of the butt end, extracts the spear as the horse moves on, and wheeling round his horse, is prepared for eventualities, having his point ready.—If the hunter attempts to make a *waiting race*, and allows the boar to go his own pace, the chances are that he will be beaten in the long run. Some rival will take the first spear, or the boar getting his second wind will escape. "Bul-bul"—the soubriquet of Nightingale of the Nizam's service, one of the best spears in the Deccan—used to give a tyro this advice—which he carried out to the letter himself,—"Ride straight, make running from first to last, keep your spear point well forward, and never say die." Both the horse and his rider must be gifted with no ordinary qualifications to win the spear of honour in a well contested field; and even the finest turn of speed in the horse is unavailing if the rider cannot handle his spear with dexterity, or if either of them have a particle of "the white feather" in their whole composition. A famous old sportsman, Harry Hicover, used to say that, as relates to man, "there are three attributes indicative of a bold manly character, namely, *bravery, courage, and gameness*;" I conceive each separately may be looked at in something like the following light. If we see a man breast a wild and heavy sea with the hope of saving the life of another, we should call him a *brave* fellow. If we saw another rescue a fellow-man from the attack of others or from the grasp of a ferocious animal, we should admire his *courage*. If we saw a weak, small man, evidently over-matched by a powerful antagonist, but fighting on under every disadvantage, trusting that his determination would eventually bring him off triumphant, we should admire his *game*. Bravery may, I think, be somewhat closely defined as braving the evident risks of life in cases where personal effort, though it may aid cannot secure our safety; courage by facing danger in situations where we have only our own nerve and resolution to carry us through; and game the patient suffering and endurance of bodily hurt and pain in either case.

As with men, so in horses may be found the three characteristics of "high caste;" namely, bravery, courage, and gameness, although they may seldom have the opportunity of showing them. We hold a horse to be *brave* who will leap at any obstacle he may be put at, not knowing what may be on the other side, or who will take his rider in full confidence up to any dangerous animal. We extol the *courage* of a horse who, on the field of battle, amid the roaring and flashing of cannon, and the rattle of musketry, will force his way through opposing hostile ranks, reckless of all dangers. We speak of the *gameness* of a horse, who, although wounded to the death, will carry his rider until his strength fails him, and he drops; or, again, we frequently hear that such a horse or mare was beaten twice or three times between Tattenham Corner and home, but finally won by a head. This is the *ne plus ultra* of gameness, as a horse so situated must have gone in severe distress; but the moment he in some degree recovered his powers, he willingly came again and won. Such running is a proof of a generous and willing nature, a voluntary defiance of distress, and *gameness* of the highest order. A perfect hog-hunter must have all three qualities combined.

It is an axiom in the creed of a hog-hunter that a well-trained horse can follow and come up with a boar over any kind of country; and, as far as the jumping is concerned, or even in the scrambling over bad ground, the rule holds good; but there are certain exceptions—for instance, a sounder of hog, when hard pressed, will unhesitatingly throw themselves down the scarped bank of a nullah a dozen or fifteen feet deep, pick themselves up uninjured by the fall, and continue their way; whereas such a drop would bring a field of horsemen to grief, if they were to attempt to follow. Again, some parts of the country are so intersected with rocky corries and ravines that riding hog is impracticable; whilst other districts are so covered with prickly pear and thorny bushes that a horse would be lamed for a month after galloping a mile across country.

Before going further, it would perhaps be as well to give some idea of the nature of the country over which hog are ridden and speared. The "meidans," or plains, the best riding ground we have in the Deccan, are, generally, more or less covered with rank "rumnah" grass and low bush, which hides dangerous holes made by snakes, bandicoots, rats, and other vermin. These often occasion the most terrific spills, for when getting over the ground at a rattling gallop it is seldom that either man or horse can see them in time to avoid them. Again, all our Indian riding ground is more or less intersected by *nullahs*, which is the Anglo-

Indian term given to the beds of streams or channels, whether they have water in them or not. These sometimes impracticable obstructions have generally steep if not overhanging and shelving banks, and in nine cases out of ten they are too broad to be "leapable." They moreover frequently have beds of rough, loose shingle, boulders of slimy rock, deep sand, and sometimes quicksands, which cause cut legs, sprained fetlocks, and ricked shoulders. The best advice that can be given in riding over such ground is to ride straight, and follow the same line as the hog who, *unless very hard pressed*, is sure to select the easiest place for crossing a nullah; and wherever a boar can lead, a horse can generally follow. Perhaps the most awkward nullahs to cross are those which are only a few feet wider than a horse can leap, on account of the small space at the bottom scarcely giving the horse room to recover himself; but an experienced rider can generally form a pretty fair idea of the breadth of the obstruction by marking the time it takes the hog to reappear on the opposite bank. A clever rider, on a thoroughly trained horse, will ride without slackening his pace almost to the edge of a nullah; where his horse, which is perfectly in hand, and accustomed to turn round a spear, will "luff up," in case the leap is impracticable, and not much time is lost in seeking for an easier place, and making "an in and out."

"Look before you leap if you like, but if
You mean leaping, don't look long,
Or the weakest place will soon grow stiff,
And the strongest doubly strong."

Pulling up is out of the question, if not impossible, when your horse's blood is up, besides it often happens that nullahs, like "sunk fences," are undistinguishable to man or horse until they are close upon them; and then, should the chasm be deep and wide, and the rider has not got his nag well in hand, the chances are that one or both will come to grief; but—

"No game was ever worth a rap,
For a rational man to play—
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way."

The Deccan hunts have for many years maintained a very high prestige in the annals of hog-hunting, and the different gatherings that have taken place at Poonah, Arungabad, Hyderabad, Jalnah, Ellichpore, Sholapore and Nagpore have generally been well attended, and have produced most brilliant sport. At whatever station "the snaffle, spur and spear" fraternity met, the tent club was sure to comprise nearly every officer in cantonment, not on duty, who could muster a decent nag, or who loved good cheer and jovial company. Every rank and every branch of the service was fairly represented at these social gatherings; and some of the most daring leaders and wisest statesmen India has produced have also been famous as the best spears and the hardest riders across country. General Outram—the Bayard of India—the only man, with the exception of Colonel Skinner, who ever speared a tiger to death from his horse—was famous, in that country pre-eminent for good sportsmen, as the boldest horseman, the best spear, and the most experienced large game hunter, long years before he carved his way to fame as a general and a statesman with his sword and his pen; and the natives still cherish and revere his memory as a sportsman, and extol his daring deeds in the jungle and the hunting-field, although they may have forgotten the many important services he rendered the country.

I shall now endeavour to portray the usual routine and the different incidents of sport in one of these famous gatherings that took place at Ghoolam Ali durgar, a somewhat famous Mussulman shrine, about fourteen miles from Secundrabad, the headquarters of the Hyderabad subsidiary force.

For some days previous to the day of the club meeting, Captain Malcolm, the Assistant Resident, then the Master or captain of the hunt, had gathered every possible information as to the whereabouts of the different sounders of hog from the native scouts and shekarries in his employ; and, in accordance with his directions, the hunting camp was established near the shrine, which was at a convenient distance from the cover intended to be beaten. Here a large double-poled mess tent was pitched, fitted with punkahs and every adjunct of oriental luxury and comfort. On each flank rose smaller tents, *routes* and *bachobas* of every kind and description, belonging to the different members of the hunt; and behind were picketed long lines of high caste Arab, Mahratta, and Deccan bred horses, many of which were celebrated in story, and showed honourable scars of previous tussles with the grey jungle boar. The opening day of the hunt was devoted to good cheer and revelry, the caterer and *chef de cuisine* being Dr. Riddell, the celebrated *gastronome*; and round the bright polished teak tables a merry party had gathered together to enjoy the good things of this life, and talk over the arrangements for sport. No one, who has ever been present on these festive occasions, can ever forget them; and even now, after this lapse of time, the sluggish blood rushes through my veins when I recall to mind the enthusiastic, unalloyed happiness and pleasurable excitement that thrilled through every soul when, after the cloth was removed, and the usual loyal toast drank, the Master, with the huge silver loving cup in hand, commenced the opening lay:—

THE MASTER'S TOAST.

PLEDGE me woman's lovely face,
Beaming eye, and bosom fair,
Every soft and winning grace,
Sweetly blended, sparkles there.
Is there one whose sordid soul,
Beauty's form hath ne'er adored?
From his cold lip dash the bowl,
Spurn him from the festal board.

Pledge me next the glorious chase,
When the mighty boar's ahead,
He, the noblest of the race,
In the mountain jungle bred.
Swifter than the slender deer
Bounding over Deccan's plain,
Who can stay his proud career,
Who can hope his tasks to gain?

Pledge me those who oft have won
Tasked trophies from the foe,
And in many a famous run,
Many a gallant hog laid low.
Who, on Peepah's steeply height,
And on Gunga's tangled shore,
Oft again will dare the fight
With the furious jungle boar.

The loving cup having gone round, the master gave out the programme of the morrow's proceedings, and paired off the spears, matching each couple as evenly as he could, taking into consideration their prestige, experience, and the quality of their cattle.

This matter arranged satisfactorily, Tom Morris' chaunt of "The Boar" followed, and then every one round the table gave a song, or a hunting yarn, and kept the game alive until midnight, when the Master broke up the party by starting the closing chorus:—

HURRAH! HURRAH! ONE BUMPER MORE.

FILL the goblet to the brim,
Fill with me and drink to him
Who the mountain sport pursues,
Speed the boar where'er he choose;
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the grim grey boar!

Hark, the beaters shout on high
Hark, the hunter's shrill reply,
Echo leaps from hill to hill,
There the chase is challenged still;
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the sturdy boar!

Ride, for now the sounder breaks,
Ride where'er the grey boar takes,
Struggle thro' the desperate chase,
Reckless death itself to face.
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the fearless boar!

See, the jungle verge is won,
See, the grey boar dashing on;
Bold and brave ones now are nigh,
See him stagger, charge, and die.
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the fallen boar!

Although these merry meetings were famed throughout India for the joviality and the good fellowship they engendered amongst sportsmen, dissipation was by no means encouraged, although in those days men, as a rule, drank deeper than they do now. The most stupid of popular errors is the constant association of Bacchanalian revelry with sporting pursuits, as if there was any possible natural connection between hard-drinking and hard-riding. Nothing can be more absurd than this preposterous combination, as it is an incontestable fact that drinking and dissipated habits are incompatible with sporting pursuits which require qualifications that no drunkard ever has. Well-strung nerves, strength, condition, a quick eye, a ready hand, cool calculating courage, and great determination, are the characteristic requirements of the true sportsman, and what habitual drunkard ever possessed these.

Early the next morning the shrill bugle, sounding "the reveille," woke up the camp, and shortly afterwards a strong muster of sportsmen clad in hunting garments of every shape and hue, gathered round the breakfast table. Before the late comers had finished their repast, "the boot and saddle" sounded, and the Syces, each carrying a couple of spears, brought up the horses ready saddled and covered with *jules*, whose excited temperament showed that they anticipated the sports with as much pleasure and eagerness as did their riders. Our illustration, No. 1, represents the scene in camp, when "the assembly" sounded, and the hunters' mounting, followed the Master to the cover-side, that might be from two to three miles distant from the camp, and which was carefully watched by our native scouts and trackers.

The Cover-side.—The hunters being told off in pairs, accompanied the Master, who posted them like a chain of videttes along the cover-side, in situations where they would be as little exposed as possible, so that they were not likely to scare the hog and cause them to break back on the beaters. Here each man dismounted, and remained on the *qui vive*, maintaining the utmost silence, and not even indulging in the fragrant weed lest the keen-scented game should wind it. On these occasions, although the hunters have half an hour to wait before the signal is given for the drive to commence, they must not on this account be careless; for one can never know whether some out-lying sounder may not be close at hand; or the game may be on the move, and come out of their own accord before a beater has stirred; and, if the cover is not carefully watched, may steal away unobserved.

No spear may leave his post on any pretence whatever, until the preconcerted signal on the bugle is given. Should a sounder break from the cover near him, he hoists his hunting-cap on his spear as high above his head as he can,—the signal that "the game is afoot" or "gone away;" and every hunter who sees the sign repeats it, so that the whole line is apprised, and the Master orders "The Alarm" to be sounded on the bugle, upon which each man mounts and waits impatiently for the sound of the next signal, "The Advance" or "Ride," when the whole line dart impetuously in pursuit. Our illustrations represent the critical periods at the cover-side. No. 2 shows the Master and his galloper, or aide-de-camp, posting the spears previous to giving the signal for the "hankwa" or "beat" to commence. No. 3 represents the scene at the exciting moment when the Master orders "The Advance" to be sounded, which he only does when he sees the hog have fairly broken cover and have gained a certain *law*, five hundred yard's lead being always allowed, and sometimes in favourable riding ground nearly half a mile, so that every spear may get a fair start. Then is heard the spirit-stirring cry, as sweet to the ears of the true sportsman as the warbling of Malibran or Patti; and in a few minutes the grey backs of the sounder are seen above the grass and low scrub as they make their way before the beaters with the old boar champing his tusks and looking viciously inclined as he trots along in the rear of his porcine family. Plate No. 4 represents a sounder of Hog "breaking cover," a sight once seen never forgotten.

The sounder is reared, and last of all to emerge into the open is the mighty grey boar, who suddenly stops in his quick dog-trot to listen. How motionless he stands, as if rooted to the spot; and had you not seen him in motion you might have taken his dark form to be a protruding rock or a mass of earth. Still he stands as immovable as when he stopped, with his head still pointed in the direction in which it was while moving forward; and, if your field-glass is a good one, you will see that he is scowling back inquisitively from the extreme corner of his knowing-looking brown eyes. He need not turn round to look; for his fine sense of hearing detects danger; and, as he snuffs the breeze, his susceptible nose discovers to him the nature of his enemy by "the taint in the air." His ears point backwards; for some unusual sound has attracted his attention: then he gives a sharp whiff, up goes his tail, and away he starts right ahead at his old dog-trot, grumbling audibly as he speeds through the bushes. The sounder, being now dislodged from their cover, made across the plain at full speed, and the line of converging horsemen pressed forward with a mighty rush. The best mounted and the boldest riders soon drew ahead; but for a short time the hog held their own, and made strong running in a bee line for some distant hills, which if they could only have reached would have saved their bacon. Vain hope, the loud Tallyho's and hoarse shouting of their pursuers sounded nearer and nearer in their ears, and louder and louder the old boar grumbled his displeasure.

"They came with the rush of the southern surf,
On the bar of the storm-girt bay;
And like muffled drums on the sounding turf,
Their hoof strokes echo away."

Scared by these unusual sounds the sounder separated, and each hog took a line of his own and was followed by a group of horsemen, who slowly, but surely, gained upon their quarry. Our illustration, No. 5, gives a fair representation of such a scene; the hog is still full of running, and the pace is too good to last. Although the "meidan" was comparatively good riding ground, rolling stones and holes had occasioned some ugly spills, and riderless horses and dismounted spears were to be seen every now and again. A broad nullah, full of water, now came into view; and into this the boar dashed without the slightest hesitation, vanishing for a few seconds, and reappearing on the opposite bank, a little lower down the stream, apparently rather refreshed and invigorated by his bath. Several of the leading horsemen evidently knew the country; and as the stream was not more

than fifteen feet from bank to bank, and leap-able, they pulled their horses together, got them well between their thighs and crammed them at it.

"Good Lord! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl;
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoying their early 'purl.'"
"Some lost their stirrups, some their caps,
Some had no spears to show,
Some few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in statu quo."

The field now became more select, and although the boar still held his own in the van, and was as yet unscathed, several of the porcine family had succumbed and bit the dust; whilst it was "bellows to mend" with a good many of the horses, as this being the first run of the season, several of them had been short of work, and were more or less out of condition. Four or five were still seen pushing along their jaded horses at their best pace after the boar, whose open mouth, heaving sides, foam covered flanks, and faltering action, showed that he was blown, and almost run to a standstill. Two noted hard riders, Nightingale of the Nizams' Service, and Shortt of the King's Own, who were well to the front, now closed rapidly upon the boar, and as they rode almost knee to knee, their struggle for the spear was watched with intense interest. They appeared to be very evenly matched; and as they were not more than a couple of spear's length from their quarry, who was staggering about from side to side with exhaustion, it seemed certain that one or the other would obtain the much coveted spear of honour; but the race is not always to the swift, and the spear is anybody's until it is won, for the chances of the chase depend very much on the manoeuvring of the hog, which may give the spear to hunters who had been hopelessly left far in the rear. In this instance, when apparently it seemed certain that in another stride or two the spear would be taken, the hog made a sudden double, swerved off past the left of Bul-bul, the near horseman, and viciously charged Captain Madigan, who was following up at some distance in the rear, knocking his jaded horses legs from under him, and suddenly disappeared in an almost dry water channel, one of the ramifications of the nullah previously crossed. For some time the hog remained unseen as he travelled along the winding bed of one water-channel and up another, but at last he was sighted by one of the hunters, who gave a loud yell and raised his spear, which brought up his enemies *en masse*, when, scared by their cries, he again scrambled up the bank and took to the flat, and his two former pursuers, Nightingale and Shortt, owing to the superior condition of their cattle, were again pounding away side by side in his wake. The boar again terribly distressed once more tried to double round, but as he swerved off to the left, Bul-bul, who was mounted on a thoroughbred Arab chestnut mare, made a rush and buried the blade of his spear deep into his brawny neck, and over the monster rolled; but in the twinkling of an eye he was again upon his feet, and charged straight at Shortt, who, wheeling round, received him on the point of the spear, which entering between the shoulder-blade and the neck, pierced the heart and ended his career. Our illustrations represent the struggle for the spear, the last charge, and the death of the boar, being sketched by Mr. H. Bird, the nephew of Colonel "Buxey" Bird, who was always a great gun at Hydrabad meetings, and a recognised authority on all kinds of sport.

Latest Betting.

WATERLOO CUP.

20 to 1 agst Mr. Jardine's nomination (taken)
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500 to 25 — Mr. Gibson's nomination (taken)
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500 to 100 agst Camballo (taken and offered)
6 to 1 — Garterly Bell (taken to £75)
600 to 50 — Telescope (taken)

DERBY.

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1050 to 100 — Camballo (taken)
500 to 40 — Roland Grene (taken)
25 to 1 — Claremont (taken)
1000 to 40 — Telescope (taken)
1000 to 40 — Horse Chesnut (taken)
1000 to 30 — Bay of Naples (taken)
1000 to 20 — Emancipation (taken)

OUR IRISH JOCKEYS.—Under this title Mr. F. J. Gallagher has compiled a very interesting and useful book. In addition to clear letterpress on good paper, there are capital vignette portraits of the leading professional and amateur performers in the pigskin in the cross-country sport for which Ireland is so famed. The portraits of the amateur gentlemen riders include Mr. P. Beasley, Mr. "St. James," Mr. G. Moore, and Mr. J. D. Whyte, while those of the professional jockey are T. Ryan, P. Gavin, F. Wynne, and W. Ryan. The author is evidently well posted up in all necessary facts, and the book will well repay perusal, while it is also worthy a place in the sportsman's library as a standard of reference.

PROSECUTION OF PRIZE FIGHTERS.—At the County Magistrates' office, Bath, on Saturday, five men belonging to Bristol, named Britton, Fowler, Griffiths, Fisher, and Cannick, were summoned for committing a breach of the peace by taking part in a prize-fight. It was shown that on the 14th of last month the defendants assembled at Limply Stoke, in company with a great many others, the combatants being Griffiths and Fowler. The Wiltshire police disturbed them, and they moved half a mile away into the county of Somerset, where the fight took place. Four of the defendants pleaded guilty, but Fisher set up as a defence that he was a hawk and present by accident. The whole of the defendants were bound over to keep the peace for twelve months.

A CAUTION TO FOREIGNERS.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

Sir,—I find there is an advertisement inserted in several foreign papers—Italian, Russian, and others—offering very large profits (60 per cent., I believe) to subscribers, by employing the money in betting and speculating on the Turf in England. Such a scheme would be laughed at here. Large fortunes are not made on the Turf often, though they may be on the Stock Exchange. Gentlemen who can insure 60 per cent. need not advertise in foreign papers. But the reason why I think it necessary to take notice of this advertisement is that the names of Captain Berkeley (member of Tattersall's Subscription Room), with that of Lord Lennox, are put forward to induce people to send their money. Letters have come here directed Captain Berkeley, and have been returned to the Post-office authorities, who have been making enquiries. There is no Captain Berkeley a member of Tattersall's Subscription Room.

I have the pleasure of knowing more than one Lord Lennox. No Christian name is given in the advertisement, but though many noblemen and gentlemen are members there is no Lord Lennox! I hope foreign papers may be requested to copy this letter, and that it may have the effect of stopping the "little game" of the promoters of this scheme. Whoever they are, they have nothing to do with Tattersall's Subscription Room, and would not long remain members if they had. This would very soon be decided by the Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen, who, I am certain, would at once order their names to be erased from the list of members.—I am, yours truly,

EDMUND TATTERSALL.

Tattersall's, Albert Gate, Hyde Park,
London, S.W. January 1, 1875.

BRIGHTON RACE CUP, 1875.—The execution of this Cup, in competition with Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Hancock, Emanuel, and others, was given in favour of Messrs. Elkington and Co.

MATTHEW DAWSON has sustained a severe loss in the death of the yearling filly by Blair Athol out of Chiffonnière (sister to Buccaneer). The filly was bred at Cobham, and sold there in the summer for 300 guineas. She had been ailing for some time, and died the other day.

Advertisements.

JOB and POSTMASTERS' COACH PROPRIETORS' HORSE DEALERS' and LIVERY STABLE KEEPERS' (England) PROVIDENT FUND.

THE SIXTEENTH ANNUAL FULL DRESS BALL, in aid of the above fund will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King-street, St. James's, on Friday evening, January 22, 1875.

Coldstream Guards' Band—Conductor, Mr. Fred. Godfrey. Gentleman's ticket, 21s.; lady's ticket, 15s.; including champagne supper, and refreshments during the evening.

Tickets may be obtained from the Stewards, or from Mr. Edward Blackman, honorary secretary.

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Banks, Mr. W., jun., Gray's Inn-road.
Barnes, Mr. H., Heath House, Andover.
Batt, Mr. H., North-row, Grosvenor-square.
Bennett, Mr. I., Portobello-road, Notting-hill.
Biscoe, Mr. T., London Wall.
Blackman, Mr. J., Knightsbridge.
Blackman, Mr. T. H., Knightsbridge.
Bramley, Mr. W., Sloane-square, Chelsea.
Clarke, Mr. J., 53, Hugh-street, Pimlico.
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Coleman, Mr. E., 14, Ropemaker-street.
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to whom further subscriptions may be forwarded.

In Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, Birmingham, Sheffield, Nottingham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Newmarket, and other towns, gentlemen have kindly undertaken to collect subscriptions, but their lists have not yet been received.

The committee will be greatly obliged if the lists are sent into The *Sporting Office* not later than Thursday morning, so that the names of subscribers can appear in Saturday's papers.

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MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, Jan. 11, 1875, without reserve, the entire Stud of HUNTERS and HACKS, hunted up to the present time, the property of H. Wormald, Esq. (who is suddenly, from ill-health, prevented hunting again this season), together with all the Saddles, Bridles, and Clothing:—

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6. PERI (foaled in 1868), by Hornblower out of Pixie; winner of many steeplechases.
 7. CHAMPION (foaled 1867), by Skirmisher out of Fistsians; only ran twice over a country; likely to make a good steeplechaser.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 11, the property of a gentleman:—

THE WARRIOR, a grey horse, 14 years old (bred by the late Lord Derby), by King Tom out of Wood Nymph, by Longbow, her dam Mrs. Gill, by Viator out of Lady Franchis, by Comus. He is one of the most beautiful and powerful thoroughbred stallions in England. He has served mares in Lincolnshire the past four seasons, and his stock are reputed the best looking in the county.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 11, the property of a gentleman:—

ONSLOW, a bay horse, 5 years old, by Cambuscan out of Dulcibella, by Voltigeur out of Priestess, by The Ducor; likely to make a valuable stallion, as he was the best two-year-old of his year.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 11, without reserve, the property of a gentleman:—

THUNDERSTORM, chestnut horse, 8 years old, by Thunderbolt out of Water Lily, by Lord of the Isles, her dam Mermaid, by Minotaur—Jenny Wren, by Hornsea; from his size and breeding likely to make a valuable stallion.

For performances see "Racing Calendar."

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, this month (unless previously disposed of):—

HAMLET, a chestnut gelding, then 6 years old, by Remus out of Gertrude (bred in France); likely to make a first-class steeple-chaser.

SISTER MARY (foaled 1862), by Ellington out of Hersey; will foal in February to Knight of the Garter.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

HERBERT RYMILL, Proprietor.

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The best Stabling Premises in London, with accommodation for One Hundred Horses.

AUCTION SALES are held of HORSES to be SOLD, without reserve, the first and third FRIDAY in each month at Twelve o'clock.

Private Commission Sales daily.

No dealing transactions whatever are carried on by anyone connected with this Establishment.

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MESSRS. SMITH & SINCK, Proprietors.

THE LONDON HORSE REPOSITORY is the best medium in London for BUYING or SELLING useful HORSES.

Buyers have the advantage of seeing the animals ridden and driven. Veterinary examinations are in all cases invited. They are at liberty to refer to the owners if desired. From sixty to one hundred horses are always on view.

Sellers of useful sound horses have the satisfaction of knowing that their animals are thoroughly well taken care of, and will be sold without delay, and that prompt settlements will be made four days after the sale.

161A, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

BILIOUS AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

They unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect; and where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist.

SIRES FOR THE SEASON, 1875.

THE GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS FOR 1875.

To be LET by AUCTION, by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, January 11, the following powerful THOROUGH-BRED HORSES:

1. GENERAL PEEL, by Young Melbourne, his dam (Knowsley and Cleveland's dam) by Orlando out of Brown Bess, by Camel.
2. BROTHER TO RAPID RHONE, by Young Melbourne.
3. OUTFIT, by Young Melbourne, dam by Teddington out of Maid of Masham.
4. ROAN HORSE, by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.
5. LOCKSLEY, by Toxophilite out of Miss Sarah by Don John.
6. BROWN HORSE, by Tom Bowline, dam by Melbourne out of Miss Whip.
7. CLEVELAND, by Brother to Stafford, dam (General Peel and Knowsley's dam) by Orlando.
8. DRACO, by Brother to Stafford out of The Drake's dam.

Also the following STALLIONS: MAKE HASTE, by Tom Bowline out of Makeshift, by Voltigeur.

ALEXANDER.

RUFERT, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam.

May be seen in the meantime at the Stud Farm, near Enfield. Apply to Mr. Gilbert.

At Street Farm, Buckland, Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST; twenty mares, including his owner's, at 30 guineas a mare and 1 guinea to the groom.

Address, THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, as above.

Stallions at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

COSTA, by the Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 in., with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good race-horse at all distances. Has had few mares, but has eight good foals this year.

At ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom.

CLANSMAN, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules. Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist. Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides.

At five guineas thorough-bred, at three guineas half-bred mares; and five shillings the groom.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, a bay Arabian of the highest caste, about 14 hands 3 in., imported last year.

Thorough-bred mares at five guineas.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, a brown horse, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor) out of Glance, by Waxy Pope out of Globe, by Quiz. Joskin is the sire of Chawbacon and Plebeian, and has never had any mares but his owner's.

At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.

KING VICTOR, a bay horse, without white (foaled 1864), by Fazzoletto (by Orlando out of Canezou) out of Blue Bell (dam of Suspicion out of Scarf (dam of Cashmere), Belle of Warwick out of Barford, &c.), by Heron. From Heron he gets his great size, measuring 16 hands 2 in. high; 6 ft. 6 in. in girth; 9 in. under the knee; and is related to Fisherman, and is almost the only horse at the Stud descended direct from Heron. His stock are very promising. *Vae Victis*, the only starter this season by him, ran second to Cashmere, and second to Galopin at Ascot.

At ten guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

PROMISED LAND, by Jericho out of Glee, by Touchstone; winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Goodwood Cup.

At five guineas thorough-bred, three guineas half-bred, two guineas farmers' mares, and five shillings the groom.

Highfield Hall is only two miles from St. Albans, on the Barnet road, with 100 loose boxes, and ample accommodation for mares on the 200 acres, 150 of which are pasture on chalk, subsoil, and well watered.

Subscriptions will be taken by Mr. Tattersall, at Albert Gate, on Mr. Nelson's account, for Joskin, and also for King Victor and Promised Land, for thorough-bred mares, and by Mr. Elmer for half-bred mares.

All letters as to meeting mares to be sent to Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans (who lived 10 years with Mr. Blenkiron, and 6 years at Highfield Hall with Mr. Mather).

There are three first-class stations at St. Albans, all within two miles and a half, giving easy accommodation with all parts of England, viz., the Midland, Great Northern, and London and North-Western.

TO SERVE MARES, 1875.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire, **MERRY SUNSHINE**, (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer out of Sunflower (dam of Sunlight, Crocus, &c.) by Bay Middleton, at 10s. a mare, groom's fee included.

Merry Sunshine is a bay horse, standing 16.1, has great bone, good action, and is sound. Apply to Mr. SHARPE, as above.

At Cobham, Surrey.

MACARONI, at 50 guineas a mare.

WILD OATS, by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden Horn, by Harkaway. Thirty mares, including the Company's, at 25 guineas.

CHATTANOOGA (Sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacahora, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s.

Apply to Mr. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

ARAB PONY STALLION, at the Turf Tavern, Dringhouses, near York.

JAMIL, chestnut, height 13 hds. 1 1/2 in., of the purest blood of Arabia, and exceedingly handsome. He ran ten times in India, winning seven times, at all distances. Took 1st prize at the Horse Show of all India at Poona in 1873. Imported by, and the property of Captain Dent, 3rd Hussars. Twenty-five mares at £5 a mare, and five shillings the groom.

Apply to Mr. DREWRY as above.

GOOD STABLING FOR MARES.

STUD GREYHOUND.

At the Orchard, Boyne Hill, Maidenhead.

FLEETFOOT, by Master McGrath—Victory by Patent. He won the First Prize at the Crystal Palace Dog Show in 1872, and Third Prize at the same show in 1873, when Victory took First Prize in the class for Bitches.

Terms 5 Guineas. Apply to JAMES HICKS, at the above address.

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C. HARDING, Manager.

LINCOLN SPRING MEETING, 1875.

STEWARDS.

Prince Bathynny.
Lord Calthorpe.
Admiral the Hon. H. J. Rous.
Sir Jno. Astley, Bart., M.P.
Sir F. Johnstone, Bart., M.P.
G. Payne, Esq.
H. Savile, Esq.
E. Heneage, Esq.
H. F. C. Vyner, Esq.
R. C. Vyner, Esq.
H. Chaplin, Esq., M.P.

The following STAKES close and name on TUESDAY NEXT, January 5, to Messrs. WEATHERBY, 6 Old Burlington Street, London; Mr. Rd. JOHNSON, York; or to the Clerk of the Course.

FIRST DAY.

MONDAY, MARCH 15.

The YARBOROUGH STAKES of 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 forfeit, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 3 sovs., the only liability if forfeit is declared. Six furlongs, straight.

The CATHEDRAL STAKES (Handicap) of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 100 added, for three-year-olds. The lowest weight to be not less than 7st. Entrance 3 sovs., which will be the only liability if forfeit is declared at the time appointed. The new mile.

The SUBBROKE HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, for runners only, with 100 added, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 3 sovs. One mile-and-a-quarter.

SECOND DAY.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16.

The BROCKLESBY TRIAL PLATE of 100 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 3 sovs. About five furlongs, straight.

The BLANKNEY STAKES (Handicap) of 500 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 forfeit; for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 3 sovs., which will be the only liability if forfeit is declared. (Subs.) One mile-and-a-half.

The BROCKLESBY STAKES of 200 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts 8st. 12lbs.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 9lbs. (Subs.) Half a mile, straight.

The WELTER STAKES of 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for runners only. Entrance 3 sovs. About seven furlongs, straight.

THIRD DAY.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17.

The LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP of 1000 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 forfeit; for three-year-olds and upwards. Second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stake, and the third to save his stake. Entrance 3 sovs., which will be the only liability if forfeit is declared at the time appointed. (Subs.) The new straight mile.

The LINCOLN CUP of 150 sovs., for two-year-olds—colts, 8st. 12lbs.; fillies and geldings, 8st. 9lbs. Entrance 3 sovs. Half a mile.

W. FORD, Clerk of the Course.



APOLOGY AND JOCKEY, correct portrait, beautifully coloured, 34 by 24, 10s. each; small size, free by post, 6s. The first issue is now ready.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

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DERBY WINNERS for the last twenty years, 10s. each, or £9 the set. Also a very large stock of oleographs and engravings for the trade and exportation.—GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden. Opposite Drury Lane Theatre.

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PROPERTY'S BOOT-TOP POWDERS

are now prepared on a new and improved principle, to agree with the various modern processes of tanning, so that no discoloration or injury to the leather can ever take place if this preparation only is used. Light Brown, Nut Brown, White, Pink, &c.

PROPERTY'S BOOT-TOO FLUID is prepared ready for use, in two rich colours—Light Brown and Nut Brown.

PROPERTY'S POLISHING CREAM for Boot-tops, and Saddle Paste for Saddles, Bridles, and Brown Harness.

PROPERTY'S PASTE for cleaning Leather, Cloth, and Cord Hunting Breeches, Gloves, Belts, &c.

TRAVELLING BOXES, containing four jars of Paste, Two Brushes, and Two Sponges, £1 1s.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S UNIQUE WATERPROOF POLISH for Hunting Boots, Carriage Heads, Gig Aprons, &c. Property, Sole Agent.

PROPERTY'S IMPROVED HARNESS COMPOSITION will not clog the stitches, is a fine polish, and thoroughly waterproof. 1s. and 1s. 6d.

PROPERTY'S PLATE POWDER (Non-mercurial), the purest and safest article for polishing silver and electro-plated goods, 1s. and 2s.

PROPERTY'S CLOTH BALL for DRY CLEANING scarlet, white and light-coloured cloths, kerseys, tweeds, military facings, &c. Price 1s.

PROPERTY'S FRENCH VARNISH for DRESS BOOTS, lies evenly on the leather; is very bright and elastic, yet not sticky. No unpleasant odour.

PROPERTY'S WATERPROOFING COMPOUND for Shooting, Fishing, and Sea Boots, &c.

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THE ASSOCIATION was established in OCTOBER, 1873, for the purpose of providing a CO-OPERATIVE STORE devoted exclusively to the supply of WINES, SPIRITS, and LIQUEURS, where there should be given that personal attention to the tastes and wants of customers which had hitherto been found only in the best conducted private establishments. The management is in the hands of a gentleman who retired from partnership in an old-established firm of wine merchants, in order to undertake his present post, and who bestows the same attention upon the tastes of purchasers as can be done in a private business. The advantages of co-operation are not unknown, but the reasons why a Co-operative Wine Store can compete favourably with old-established firms of wine merchants are less understood. They are:—

1. The practice prevails of sending out travellers, who receive salary, commission, and travelling expenses, and also of giving a commission of from 5 to 10 per cent. to salesmen (often gentlemen of good social position), all which must fall on the purchaser.

2. In a private business the loss from bad debts is heavy, whereas in a Co-operative Store payment is made before the purchaser takes possession, and there is absolutely no risk of loss on this score.

3. This prior payment provides to the store an increasing working capital as the turnover increases; whereas every trader knows that as his business grows more and more money is absorbed by his book debts, and a larger capital is needed. The goods are sold at a store, and money paid for them before, in the ordinary course of trade, the wholesale dealer receives payment, and therefore the accession of business provides its own needed capital.

4. The annual payment of 5s. for a ticket, although not felt in the unit, amounts in the aggregate to so large a sum as to contribute substantially towards payment of rent, salaries, &c.

The governing council are issuing tickets to the public entitling them to purchase from the Association on the same terms as to prices and discounts as Shareholders.

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TICKETS NOW ISSUING, AVAILABLE TILL 31st DECEMBER, 1875.

Applications for tickets, giving name in full, address, and usual signature, must be accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the ticket.

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FREDERICK BAILEY, Secretary (pro tem.).

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